

THE
MOST ELEGANT
AND
WITTY EPIGRAMS
OF

Sir Iohn Harrington, Knight,

DIGESTED INTO FOVRE
Bookes: Three vvhwhereof neuer
before published.

Fama bonum quo non felicius vllum.



LONDON
Printed by G. P. for *Iohn Budge*: and are to be
sold at his shop in *Paules Church-yard* at the signe
of the Greene Dragon. 1618.

THE
TACITUS

OF
THE

OF
THE

OF
THE

OF
THE

OF
THE



T

V

Br
Th
Sa
N
B
A
Th
Se
Se
A
B
T



THE EPISTLE TO ALL

Readers, that Epigrams must bee read attentively, that *Legere & non intellegere, est negligere.*

VW Hen in your hand you had this Pamphlet caught,
Your purpose was to possit it over speedie,
But change your minde, and feede not over-greedy:
Till in what sort, to feede you first be taught.
Suppose both first and second course be done,
No Goose, Perke, Capon, Snites, nor such as these,
But looke for fruit, as Nuts, and Parma-cheese,
And Comfets, Conserues, Raisons of the Sunne,
Then taste but few at once, feede not too sickle,
So shall you finde some coole, some warme, some biting,
Some sweet in taste, some sharpe, all so delighting,
As may your inward taste, and fancie tickle.
But though I wish Readers, with stomacks full,
Yet fast nor come not, if your wits be dull.
For I had liefse you did sit downe and whistle,
As reading, not to reede. So ends th' Epistle.



THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF

JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY

JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY

JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY

JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

H
Z
qu
to
M
Tr
me
Kn



le
vo
Po



TO THE RIGHT HO-
NORABLE, GEORGE MAR-
ques *Buckingham*, Viscount *Villeirs*, Ba-
ron of *Whaddon*, Iustice in Eyre of all his
Maiesties Forrests, Parks, and Chases beyond
Trent, Master of the Horse to his Maiestie, and
one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties Bedchamber,
Knight of the most Noble order of the Garter, and
one of his Maiesties most Honourable Pruiue
Councell of England and
Scotland.

Most Honoured Lord,



His *posthume* book
is furnished vvith
worth, but it wan-
teth a Patron. A
worthier the your
elfe the Booke could not find, nor
your Lordship a more patheticall
Poet to Patronize. If in Poetry, He-
raldry

The Epistle.

raldry were admitted, he would be found in happinesse of wit neere allied to the great *Sydney* : yet but neere ; for the *Apix* of the *Caelum Empyrium* is not more inaccessible then is the height of *Sydneys* Poesy, which by imagination we may approach, by imitation neuer attaine to. To great men our very syllables should be short, and therefore I make my Conclusion a Petition ; That your Lordshippes acceptation may shew how much you fauor the noble Name, and nature of the Poet, and Booke. VVhich deigned by your Lordshippe, I shall thinke my paines in collecting, and disposing of these Epigrams well placed, and euer rest

*Your Lordships most bounden
seruant, I. B.*

Mr IOHN HARRINGTONS Epi-
grams, the first Booke.

Against MOMVS.

1 *That his Poetrie shall be no fictitious, but
meere truths.*

Scant wrote I fixteene lines, but I had newes,
Momus had found one fault, past all excuse,
That of *Epistle* I the name abuse.
No, gentle *Momus*, that is none abuse,
Without I call that *Gospel* that ensues.
But read to carpe, as still hath been thine vse:
Fret out thine heart to search, seeke, sift and pry,
Thy heart shall hardly giue my pen the ly.

2 *Against Sextus, a scorne of Writers.*

Of Writers, *Sextus* known a true despiser,
Affirmes, that on our writings oft he lookes,
And confesseth he growes nere the wiser.
But *Sextus*, where's the fault? not in our bookes.
No sure, tis in your selte (He tell you wherefore)

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Bookes giue not wisedome where was none before.
But where some is, there reading makes it more.

3 *Against Lesbia, both for her patience
and impatience.*

Lesbia, I heard, how ere it came to passe,
That when old *Pelexus* call'd thy Lord an Asse,
You did but smile; but when he cald him Oxe,
Straight-waies you curst him with all plagues & pox.
There is some secret cause why you allow
A man to scorne his braine, but not his brow.

4 *Of a poynted Diamond giuen by the Author
to his wife. at the birth of his
eldest sonne.*

Deare, I to thee this Diamond commend,
In which, a modell of thy selfe I send,
How iust vnto thy ioynts this circlet sitteth,
So iust thy face and shape my fancies sitteth,
The touch will try this Ring of purest gold,
My touch tries thee as pure, though softer mold.
That metall precious is, the stone is true
As true, as then how much more precious you?
The Gem is cleare, and hath nor needes no soyle,
Thy face, nay more, thy fame is free from soile.

Youle

Youle deem this deare, because from me you haue it,
 deem your faith more deer, because you gaue it.
 This pointed Diamond cuts glasse and Steele,
 Your loues like force in my firme heart I feele.
 But this, as all things else, time waists with wearing,
 Where you, my Jewels multiply with bearing.

5 *Against Writers that carpe at other mens bookes.*

THe Readers, and the Hearers like my bookes,
 But yet some Writers cannot them digest,
 But what care I? For when I make a feast,
 I would my Guests should praise it, not the Cookes.

6 *Of a young Gallant.*

You boast, that Noble men shall take you vp,
 That whē they bowle or shoot, or hawke or hunt,
 In Coach, or Barge, on horse thou shalt art wont,
 To runne, ride, row with them, so dine or sup:
 This makes you scorne those of the meaner sort,
 And thinke your credit doth so farre surmount;
 Whereas indeed, of you they make no count,
 But as they doe of hawkes and dogges, for sport.
 Then vaunt not thus of this your vaine renowne,
 Lest we both take you vp, and take you downe.

7 *Of*

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

7 To my Lady Rogers, the Autherswines mother,
how Doctor Sherehood commended her
house in Bathe

I Newly had your little house erected,
In which I thought I had made good conueiance,
To vse each ease, and to shunne all annoyance,
And prayd a friend of iudgement not neglected,
To view the roomes, and let me know the faulkes.
He hauing view'd the lodgings, stalres, and vaults,
Said all was excellent well, saue here and there.
You thinke he prayd your house. No, I doe sweare,
He hath disgrac'd it cleane, the case is cleere,
For every roome is either there, or here.

8 Of Lesbia, a great Lady.

Lesbia doth laugh to heate sellers and buyers
L Cald by this name, Substantiall occupiers:
Lesbia, the word was good while good folke vsd it,
You mard it that with Chancers iest abusd it:
But good or bad, how ere the word be made,
Lesbia is loth perhaps to leaue the trade.

9 Of one that begd nothing, and had
his sute granted.

W Hen thou dost beg, as none begs more importa-
And art deny'd, as none speeds more infortunate,
Wish

EPIGRAMS,

With one quaint phrase thou doost inforce thy beg-
 y mind vnto thy suite in this sort egging. (ging,
 las, fir this? Tis nothing, once deny me not,
 Well then, for once content, henceforth bely me not,
 Your words so wisely plasste, doe so inchaunt me,
 Sith you doe nothing aske, I nothing graunt yee.

10 *Another of asking nothing.*

Some thinke thee *Lynus* of a Fryer begotten,
 For still you beg where nothing can be gotten;
 Yet oft you say, for so you haue been taught,
 fir, grant me this, tis but a thing of nought,
 And when indeed you say so, I belieue it,
 As nought, vnto a thing of nought I giue it.
 Thus with your begging, you but get a mock,
 And yet with begging little, mend your stock.
 Leauē begging *Lynus* for such poore rewards,
 Else some will begge thee in the Court of Wards.

11 *Of liberality in giuing nothing.*

I Heare some say, and some belieue it too,
 That craft is found eu'n in the clouted shoo;
 Sure I haue found it with the losse of pence,
 My Tenants haue both craft and eloquence,
 For when one hath a suite before he aske it,
 His Orator pleades for him in a basket.
 Well Tenant well, he was your friend that taught you
 This learn'd Exordium, *Master, here cha brought you.*

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

For with one courtesie and two Capons giuing,
Thou sauest ten pounds in buying of thy liuing.
Which makes me say, that haue obseru'd this qualitie
In poore men not to giue, is niggardality.

12 Of learning nothing at a Lecture, upon occasion of Dr
Reynolds at Oxford, afore my Lord of Essex, and di-
uers Ladies and Courtiers, at the Quenes last beeing
there, on these words:

Idolū nūllū est, An Idol is nothing.

WHile I at Oxford stay'd, some few months since,
To see, and serue our deare & Soueraigne Prince,
Where graciously her Grace did see and shew
The choicest fruits that learning could bestow,
I went one day to heare a learned Lecture
Read (as some said) by Bellarminas correcter,
And sundry Courtiers more then present were,
That vnderstood it well saue here and there:
Among the rest, one whom it least concerned,
Askt me what I had at the Lecture learned?
I that his ignorance might soone be guile,
Did say, 'I learned nothing all the while,
Yet did the Reader teach with much facilitie,
And I was out to learne with some docilitie.
What learn'd you, Sir, (quoth he) in swearing mouder?
I nothing learn'd, for nought I vnderstood,
I thank my Parents, they, when I was yong,
Barr'd me to learne this Popish Romane tong,

And

And yet it seemes to me, if you say true,
 without learning learn'd the same that you,
 Most true, said I, yet few dare call vs Fooles,
 That this day learned nothing at the Schooles.

13 *A Paradox of Doomes day.*

SOME Doctors deeme the day of Doome drawes
 But I can proue the contrary most cleere, (neere)
 For at that day our Lord and Saviour saith,
 That he on earth shall scant finde any faith,
 But in these daies it cannot be denyde,
 All boast of onely faith and nought beside:
 But if you seeke the fruit thereof by workes,
 You shall finde many better with the Turkes.

14 *Against a foolish Satyryst called Lynus.*

HELPE, friends, I feele my credit lyes a bleeding,
 For *Lynus*, who to me beares hate exceeding,
 I heare against me is eu'n now a breeding,
 A bitter Satyr all of Gall proceeding:
 Now sweet *Apollus* Iudge, to be his speeding,
 For what he writes, I take no care nor heeding,
 For none of worth wil think them worth the reeding,
 So my friend *Paulus* censures them who sweares,
 That *Lynus* verse suits best with *Mydas* cares.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

15 Of a faire woman translated out of Casanens
his Catalogus gloria mundi.

THese thirty things that *Hellens* fame did raise,
A Dame should haue that seeks for beuties praise
Three bright, three blacke, three red, 3. short, 3. tall,
Three thick, three thin, three close, 3. wide, 3. small:
Her skin, and teeth, must be cleare, bright, and neat,
Her browes, eyes, priuy parts, as blacke as leat:
Her cheekes, lips, nayles, must haue Vermillion hiew,
Her hâds, hayre, height, must haue full length to view.
Her teeth, foote, eares, all short, no length allowes,
Large brests, large hips, large space betweene the
A narrow mouth, small waste, streight () (browes,
Her fingers, hayre, and lips, but thin and slender:
Thighs, belly, neck, should be full smooth and round,
Nose, head and teats, the least that can be found.

Sith few, or none, perfection such attaine,
But few or none are fayre, the case is plaine.

16 Of a Houf-hold fray friendly ended.

A Man & wife stroue earst who should be master,
And hauing chang'd between the houf-hold spee-
The mā in wrath brought forth a pair of wasters, (ches,
& swore those 2. should proue who ware the breeches.
She that could break his head, yet giue him plasters,
Accepts the challenge, yet withall beseeches,

That

That she (as weakeſt) then might ſtrike the firſt,
 And let him ward, and after doe his worſt.
 He ſwore that ſhould be ſo, as God ſhould bleſſe
 And cloſe he lay him to the ſured locke. (him,
 He flouriſhing as though ſhe would not miſſe him,
 Laid downe her cudgell, and with witty mocke,
 He told him for his kindnes, ſhe would kiſſe him,
 That now was ſworne to giue her neuer knocke.
 You ſware, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould the firſt blow giue.
 And I ſwear I'll neuer ſtrike you while I liue.
 Ah flattering Slut, ſaid he, thou dar'ſt not fight.
 I am no Larke, quoth ſhe, man, doe not daſe me,
 Let me point time and place, as 'tis my right.
 By Law of challenge, and then neuer ſpare me.
 Agreed, ſaid he. Then reſt (quoth ſhe) to night,
 To morrow at Cuckolds hauens, I'll prepare me.
 Peace, wife, ſaid he, wee'll ceaſe all rage and rancor,
 Ere in that Harbor I will ride at Ancor.

17. *Of Bleſſing without a croſſe.*

A Prieſt that earſt was riding on the way,
 Not knowing better how to paſſe the day,
 Was ſinging with himſelfe Geneſes Pſalmes.
 A blind man hearing him, ſtraight beg'd an almes.
 Man, ſaid the Prieſt, from coyne I cannot part,
 But I pray God bleſſe thee, with all my heart.
 O, ſaid the man, the poore may liue with loſſe,
 Now Prieſts haue learn'd to Bleſſe without a croſſe.

18 *Of writing with a Double meaning.*

A Certaine man was to a Iudge complaining,
How one had written with a Double meaning,
Foolle, said the Iudge, no man deserueth trouble
For Double meaning, so he deale not Double,

19 *Against Colmus a great Briber.*

THis wicked age of ours complaines of Bribing,
The want of iustice most to that ascribing,
When Iudges, who should heare both with equalitie
By one side brib'd, so that shew partialitie.
But *Colmus* in this case doth well proude,
For euer he takes Bribes, of euery side.
Wherefore on him complaine can no man rightly,
But that he still may sentence giue vprightly.
I first would chuse one that all Bribes doth loath,
I next could vse him that takes bribes of both.

20 *Of a Precise Tayler.*

A Taylers man of an vpright dealing,
True, but for lying, honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sicke by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance,
The Fiends of hell mustring in fearfull manner,
Of sundry coloured silke display'd a banner,

Which

which he had stolne, and wish't as they did tell,
 That one day he might finde it all in hell: O
 The man affrighted at this apparition,
 Upon recouerie grew a great Precision.
 He bought a Bible of the new translation,
 And in his life, he shew'd great reformation:
 He walked mannerly, and talked meekely;
 He heard three Lectures, and two Sermons weekly;
 He vowed to shunne all companies vnruely,
 And in his speech he vs'd none oath, but truely:
 And zealously to keepe the Sabbath rest,
 His meate for that day, on the e'ue was drest.
 And lest the custome, that hee had so steale,
 Might cause him sometime to forget his zeale,
 He giues his iournymen a speciall charge,
 That if the stufes allowance being large,
 He found his fingers were so filch inclin'd,
 Bid him but haue the Banner in his minde.
 This done, I scant can tell the rest for laughter,
 A Captaine of a Ship came three daies after,
 And brought three yards of Velluet, & three quarters
 To make Venetians downe below the garters.
 He that precisely knew what was enuffe,
 Soone slip't away three quarters of the stufte.
 His man espying it, said in derision,
 Remember, Master, how you saw the vision.

Peace (knaue) quoth he, I did not see one ragge
 Of such a colour'd filke in all the flagge.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

21 *Of one Paulus a great man that expected
to be followed.*

PRoud *Paulus* late aduanc't to high degree,
Expects that I should now his follower be,
Glad I would be to follow ones direction,
By whom my honest suits might haue protection,
But I see *Don Fernandes* heyre for land,
Against so great a *Peere* he dare not stand.
A Bishop sues me for my tithes, that's worse,
He dares not venter on a Bishops curse.
Sergeant Erisilus beares me old grudges,
Yea but, saith *Paulus*, *Sergeants* may be Iudges.
Pure *Cinns* o're my head would begge my Lease,
Who my Lord. --- Man, O hold your peace.
Rich widdow *Lesbia* for a slander sues me.
Tush for a womans cause, he must refuse me.
Then farewell frost: *Paulus*, henceforth excuse me.
For you that are your selfe thrall'd to so many,
Shall neuer be my good Lord, if I haue any.

22 *Of a terrible Temporall non-resident.*

OLd *Cosmus* hath of late got one lewd qualitie,
To rayle at some that haue the cure of soules,
And his pure sprite their auarice controules,
That in their livings is such inequality,
That they that can keepe, no good hospitalitie,
And some that would, whose fortune he condoles,

Want

ant meanes: which comes, he sayes, in generalitie,
 because of these same *Tenors*, and *Pluralitie*;
 Affirming as a sentence full discuft,
 One Clergie man haue but one living must.
 But he, besides his sundry ciuill offices,
 hath brought in fee, fine far Impropropriations,
 twelve Patronages rights, or Presentations,
 all which he keepes, yet preaches not nor prophesies.
 Vel *Cosmus* hold thy tong, else some wil scoffe at this.
 I boud'ft haue vs thinke a Priest should haue but one,
 Wee'le thinke, nay say, nay sweare thou shouldst haue
 all sutes it thee to blame, then for *non Residents*, (none.
 That giuest thereof such foule and shamefull Presi-
 (dent.

23 *A Tale of a Roasted Horse.*

ONE Lord, 2 Knights, 3 Squires, 7 Dames at least,
 My kind friend *Mareus* bade vnto his Feast,
 Where were both Fish and Flesh, and all acates,
 That men are wont to haue that feast great States.
 To pay for which, next day he sold a Nagge,
 Of whose pace, colour, Raine, he vs'd to bragge.
 Well, Ile nere care for red, or fallow Deere,
 And if a Horse thus cookt can make such cheere.

24 *Of Madam Dondrages with her
 saire brest.*

A Favorite of *Charles* late King of France,
 Disporting with the King one day by chance,
 Madam

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Madam Dondrighes came among the rest,
All bare, as still she vsed, her brest.
The King would needs haue notice of his Minion;
Of this free Dame what was his franke opinion?
I say, and dare affirme, my liege, quoth he,
That if the crupper like the perrell be,

A King a Lioue I worthy can account,
Vpon so braue a trapped beast to mount.

The Author to his wife, of a wanton eloquence.

MY Mall, I mark that whē you mean to proue me
To buy a Velvet gowne, or some rich border,
Thou calst me good sweet heart, thou swearst to loue
Thy locks, thy lips, thy looks, speak all in order, (me)
Thou think'st, and right thou think'st, that these doe
That all these feebly thy sute do further: (moue me)

But shall I tell thee what most thy sute aduances?
Thy faire smoothe words? no, no, thy faire smoothe
(charmes.)

26 Of Pelcus ill-fortune in burying his friends.

OLd Pelcus plaines his fortune and ill chaunce,
That still he brings his friends vnto the graue.
God Pelcus, I would thou hadst led the daunce,
And I had pointed thee what friends to haue.

28 To

27 To my Lady Rogers, of breaking her
bitches legges

Aft night you laid it (Madam) in our dish,
How that a mayd of ours, whom we must check,
d broke your bitches legges, I straight did wish
e baggage rather broken had her neck.
uooke my answer well, and all was whiff.
But take me right, I meant in that I said,
Your baggage bitch, and not my baggage mayd.

28 Of Paying

Captaine late arriu'd from losse of Sluce,
Hearing some friend of mine did him abuse,
ow'd he would pay him when he met him next.
y friend with these great threats nothing perplext,
Prayd that the promise shold not of fulfilling,
For three yeeres past he lent him fortie shilling.

29 The Author, of his owne fortune.

Take fortune as it falles, as one aduiseeth:
Yet Heywood bids me take it as it riseth:
and while I think to doe as both doe teach,
it falles and riseth quite beside my reach.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

30 *Of the cause of death.*

I Heare our Country neighbors oft complaine,
Their fruits are still destroyd with too much raine
Some gesse by skill of Starrés, and Science valne,
Some watry Planet in the heauens doth raigne:
No, Sinne doth raigne on earth, the case is plaine
Which if we would repent, and then refraine,
The skyes would quickly keepe their course againe.
Now that with lewdnesse we be luld asleepe,
The heauens, to see our wickednesse, doe weepe.

31 *To Sir Hugh Portman, in supping alone in
too much company.*

WHen you bade forty guests, to me ynknowne,
I came not, though you twice for me did send,
For which you blame me as a sullen friend:
Sir, pardon me, I list not suppe alone.

32 *Of Sextus, a bad husband.*

HAd I, good *Sextus*, well considered first,
And better thought on phrases of ciuilitie,
When I said, you of husbands were the worst,
I should haue said, excepting the Nobilitie.
Well, none, to speak more mannerly and true,
The Nobles, and great States-men, all foreprised;

An

EPIGRAMS.

In husband worse then you, I neuer knew.
Then mend, yet thus in mending be aduised:
Be no good husband, for as some haue thought,
Husbands that will be good, make huswives nought.

33 Of writing with double pointing.

It is said, that King Edward of Carnarvan lying at Berk-
ly Castle prisoner, a Cardinall wrote to his Keeper, Ed-
wardum occidere noli, timere bonum est, which be-
ing read with the point as timere, it cost the King his life,
Here ensues as doubtfull a point, but I trust, not so dan-
gerous.

Dames are indude with vertues excellent?
What man is he can proue that they offend?
Dally they serue the Lord with good intent:
Seld they displease their husbands: to their end
Alwaies to please them well they doe intende:
Neuer in them one shall finde shrewdnes much.
Such are their humors, and their grace is such.

34 To my Lady Rogers.

Good Madame, in this verse obserue one point,
That it seemes the Writer did appoint
With smoothest oyle of praise your eares to noynt;
Yet one his purpose soone may disappoint.
For in this verse disparting but a point,
Will put this yerse so clearely out of ioynt,
That all this praise will scant be worth a point.

SIR IOHN HARRINGTONS

35 To her Daughter, upon the same point,
reading the same verse with an-
other point.

DAmes are indude with vertues excellent?
What man is he can proue that? they offend
Daily: they serue the Lord with good intent
Seld: they displease their husbands to their end
Alwaies: to please them well they doe intend
Neuer: in them one shiall find shrewdnesse much.
Such are their humors, and their graces such.

36
MY *Mall*, the former verses this may teach you,
That som deceiue, some are deceiu'd by showes.
For this verse in your praise, so smooth that goes,
With one false point and stop, did ouer-reach you,
And turne the praise to scorne, the rimes to prose,
By which you may be slander'd all as Shrowes:
And some, perhaps, may say, and speake no treason,
The verses had more rime, the prose more reason.

37 Comparison of the Sonnet, and the Epigram.

ONce, by mishap, two Poets fell a-squaring,
The Sonnet, and our Epigram comparing;
And *Faustus*, hauing long demurd vpon it,
Yet, at the last, gaue sentence for the Sonnet,

Now,

Now, for such censure, this his chiefe defence is,
 Their sugred taste best likes his likresse senses.
 Well, though I grant Sugar may please the taste,
 Yet let my verse haue salt to make it last.

8 Of an accident of saying grace at the Lady Rogers,
 who used to dine exceeding late. Written
 to his wife.

MY *Mal*, in your short absence from this place,
 My selfe here dining at your mothers bord,
 Your little sonne did thus begin his grace;
 The eyes of all things lookt on thee, O Lord,
 And thou their foods doost giue them in due season.
 Peace boy, quoth I, not more of this a word,
 For in this place, this Grace hath little reason:
 When as we speake to God, we must speake true.
 And though the meat be good in taste and season,
 This season for a dinner is not due:
 Then peace, I say, to lie to God is treason.
 Say on, my boy, saith shee, your father mocks;
 Clownes, and not Courtiers, vse to goe by clocks.
 Courtiers by clocks, said I, and Clownes by cocks.
 Now, if your mother chide with me for this,
 Then you must reconcile vs with a kisse.

39 Of *Dan Pedro* and his Poetry.

SIr, I shall tell you newes, except you know it,
 Our noble friend *Dan Pedro*, is a Poet.

Str IOHN HARRINGTONS

His verses all abroad are read and showne,
And he himselfe doth sweare they are his owne,
His owne? tis true, for he for them hath paid
Two crownes a Sonnet, as I heard it said,
So *Ellen* hath faire teeth, that in her purse
She keepes all night, and yet sleepest ne're the worse.
So widdow *Lesbia*, with her painted hide,
Seem'd, for the time, to make a handsome bride,
If *Pedro* be for this a Poet cald,
So you may call one hairie that is bald.

40 *A comfort for poore Poets.*

POets; hereafter, for pensions need not care,
Who call you beggers, you may call them lyers,
Verses are growne such merchantable ware,
That now for Sonnets, sellers are, and buyers.

41 *Against a foolish Satyrift.*

I Read that Satyre thou intitlest first,
And layd aside the rest, and over-past,
And sware, I thought, that th'author was accurst,
That that first Satyre had not been his last.

42 *An Epitaph in commendation of George Tur-
beruill, a learned Gentleman.* (uore

VVhen rimes were yet but rude, thy pen ende
To pollish Barbarisme with purer stile:
Whe

When times were grown most old, thy heart perseue-
 sincere & iust, vnstaind with gifts or guile. (red
 Now liues thy soule, though frō thy corps disseuered,
 here high in blisse, here cleare in fame the while;
 To which I pay this debt of due thanks-giuing,
 My pen doth praise thee dead, thine grac'd me liuing

3 *To the Queenes Maiestie, when shee found faults with
 some particular matters in Misacmos
 Metamorphosis.*

D Read Soueraign, take this true, though poore ex-
 Of all the errors of *Misacmos* Muse, (cuse,
 hound that of a whelpe my selfe hath bred,
 and at my hand and table taught and fed,
 When other cures did fawne and flatter coldly,
 did spring and leape, and play with me too boldly:
 For which, although my Pages check and rate him,
 Yet still my self doth much more loue thē hate him,

4 *To the Ladies of the Queenes Priny-chamber, at the
 making of their perfumed priny at Richmond,*

The Booke hanged in chaines saith thus:

Faire Dames, if any tooke in scorne, and spite
 Me, that *Misacmos* Muse in mirth did write,
 to satisfie the sinne, loe, here in chaines,
 for aye to hang, my Master he ordaines,
 let deeme the deed to him no derogation,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

But doome to this device new commendation,
Sith here you see, feele, smell that his conveyance
Hath freed this noysome place from all annoyance,
Now iudge you, that the work mock, enuie, taunt,
Whose service in this place may make most vaunt :

If vs, or you, to praise it, were most meet,
You, that made sowre, or vs, that make it sweet ?

45 *To Master Cooke, the Queenes Attourney, that was
incited to call Misacmos into the Starre-chamber, but
refused it ; saying, he that could giue another a Venne, had
a sureward for himselfe.*

THose that of dainty fare make deare prouision,
If some bad Cookes marre it with dressing euill,
Are wont to say in iest, but iust derision,
The meat from God, the Cookes came fro. the diuell.
But, if this dish, though draffe in apparition,
Were made thus sawft, a seruice not vneiull,
Say ye that taste, and not digest the Booke,
The Dee'le go with the meat, God with the Cooke.

46 *Against Lynus, a Wryter, that found fault
with the Metamorphosis.*

LYNUS, to giue to me a spightfull frumpe,
Said that my writings sauourd of the Pumpe,
And that my Muse, for want of matter, takes
An Argument to write of from the Lakes.
Well, Lynus, speake each Reader as he thinks,
Though thou of Scepters wrat'st, and I of finks,

Yes

EPIGRAMS,

Yet some will say, comparing both together,
My wit brings matter thence, thine matter thither.

47 *Of Garlick to my Lady Rogers.*

F Leekes you like, and doe the smell disleeke,
Eate Onions, and you shall not smell the Leek:
you of Onions would the sent expell,
eate Garlick, that will drowne th' Onions smell.
But sure, gainst Garlicks savour, at one word,
I know but one recit, what's that? (go looke.)

48 *A disb of dainties for the Diuell.*

A Godly Father, sitting on a draught,
To doe as need, & Nature hath vs taught,
fumbled, as was his manner, certaine prayers;
and vnto him, the Diuell straight repaires,
and boldly to reuile him he begins,
alleging, that such prayers are deadly sinnes;
and that it prou'd he was deuoyd of grace,
to speake to God in so vnfit a place.
The reuerend man, though at the first dismayd,
yet strong in faith, thus to the Diuell said;
thou damned Spirit, wicked, false, and lying,
espaying thine owne good, and ourt enuying;
each take his due, and me thou canst not hurt,
to God my prayer I meant, to thee the hurt.
Pure prayer ascends to him that high doth sit.
Downe falls the filth, for fiends of hell more fit.

49 Of Don Pedro his sweet breath.

How ist, *Don Pedros* breath is still perfum'd,
And that he neuer like himselfe doth smell?
I like it not, for still it is presum'd;
Who smelleth euer well, smells neuer well.

50 Misacmos against his Booke.

THe Writor and the matter well might meet,
Were he as eloquent, as it is sweet.

51 Of Cloacina and Sterquinius.

THe Romans euer counted superstitious
Adored with high titles of Diuinitie,
Dame *Cloacina*, and the Lord *Sterquinius*,
Two persons in their State of great affinitie.
But we, that scorne opinions so pernicious,
Are taught by Truth well try'd, to adore the Trinitie.
And, who, so care of true Religion takes,
Wil think such Saints wel shrined in A I A X.

52 To the Queen when she was pacified, and had
sent Misacmos thanks for the
invention.

A Poet once of *Traian* begd a Lease,
(*Traian*, terror of Warre, mirror of Peace)

And

And doubting how his writings were accepted,
 Against which he heard some Courtiers had excepted;
 Came to him, and with all due submission,
 Delivered this short Verse, with this Petition:
 O my Souetaigne, if you like not of my Writings,
 Grant this sweet cordiall to a spirit daunted.
 If you reade, and like my poore enditings,
 Then for reward let this small sute be granted.
 Of which short Verse, I finde insu'd such fruit,
 The Poet, of the Prince obtain'd his sute.

53 *A Poets Priviledge.*

Painters and Poets claime by old enroulement,
 A Charter, to dare all without controulement.

54 *To Faustus.*

Faustus findes fault, my Epigrams are short,
 Because to reade them, he doth make some sport:
 I thanke thee, *Faustus*, though thou iudget wrong,
 Ere long I'll make thee sweare they be too long.

55 *Against Faustus.*

What is the cause, *Faustus*, that in dislike
 Proud *Paulus* still doth touch thee with a Pike?
 He breederh in my minde a great confusion,
 To thinke what he should meane by such elusion.

Throw't

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Trowst thou hee meanes, that thou mightst make a
That cannot be, for that thou art no like man. (Pikem)
Thy crazed bones cannot endure the shocke,
Besides, his manner is to speake in mocke,
Or ist, because the Pike is a greedy Fish,
Deuoures as thou dost many a dainty Dish?
And in another sort, and more vnkinde,
Wilt bite, and spoile those of thy proper kinde?
Or doth he meane thou art a quartell-piker,
That amongst men, wert neuer thought a striker?
In this he sayes, thou art a Christian brother,
That stricken on one eare, thou turnest the other.
Or doth he meane that thou wouldst picke a thanke?
No sure, for of that fault I count thee franke,
How can thy tale to any man be gratefull,
Whose person, manners, face and all's so hatefull?
Then, *Fausstus*, I suspect yet one thing worse,
Thou hast pickt somewhat else. What's that? a purse?

56 Of mis-conceiuing.

Ladies, you blame my verses of scurrilitie,
While with the double sense you were deceiu'd.
Now you confesse them free from inciuilitie,
Take heede henceforth you be not misconceiu'd,

57. How the Bathe is like Purgatory.

WHether it be a Fable, or a Story,
That *Beas* and others write of Purgatory:

I know

know no place that more resemblance hath
 With that same Purgatory, then the Bathe.
 Men there with paines, doe purge their passed finnes,
 Many with paines, purge here their parched skins:
 Drying and freezing are the paines there told,
 Here the chiefe paine, consists in heate and cold.
 Confused cryes, vapour and smoke and stinke,
 Are certaine here: that there they are, some thinke
 There fire burnes Lords and Lowes without respect,
 Our water for his force workes like effect:
 Hence none can be deliuered without praying,
 Hence no man is deliuered without paying.
 But once escaped thence, hath sure saluation,
 But those goe hence, still feare reciduation.

58 *Of going to Bathe.*

A Common phrase long vsed here hath beene,
 And by prescription now some credit hath:
 That diuers Ladies comming to the Bathe,
 Come chiefly but to see, and to be seene.
 But if I should declare my conscience briefly,
 cannot thinke that is their Arrant chiefly.
 For as I heare that most of them haue dealt,
 They chiefly came to seele, and to be felt.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

59 Of Plaine dealing.

MY writings oft displease you: what's the matter
You loue not to heare truth, nor I to flatter.

60 Against Paulus.

BEcause in these so malecontented times,
I please my selfe with priuate recreation,
In reading or in sweetest contemplation,
Or writing sometime prose, oft pleasant rimes:
Paulus, whom I haue thought my friend sometimes,
Seekes all he may to taint my reputation:
Not with complaints, nor any haynous crimes,
But onely saying in his scoffing fashion,
These writers that still saueur of the schooles,
Frame to themselves a Paradice of sooles.
But while he scornes our mirth and plaine simplicitie,
Himselfe doth sayle to *Affricks* and *Ind*,
And seekes with hellish paines, yet doth not finde
That blisse, in which he frames his wise felicitie.
Now which of twaine is best, some wise men tell,
Our Paradice, or else wise *Paulus* hell.

61 Of Caius hurts in the warre.

CAius of late return'd from Flemmish warres,
Of certaine little scratches beares the skarres,
And for that most of them are in his face,
With *tant plus beau* hee shewes them for his grace.

Yet

et came they not by dint of Pike, or Dart,
 ut with a pot, a pint, or else a quart.
 But he ne're makes his boast, how, and by whom,
 He hath receiv'd a greater blow at home.

62 *Of two Welsh Gentlemen.*

Heard among some other pretty Tales,
 How once there were two Gentlemen of Wales,
 Of Noble blood, descended of his House,
 That from our Ladies gowne did take a Louse.
 These two (thus goes the tale) vpon a day,
 Did hap to trauell vpon London way:
 And for 'twas cumbersome to weare a boote,
 For their more ease, they needs would walke afoote.
 Their fare was dainty, and of no small cost,
 For every meale they call'd for bak't and rost,
 And lest they should their best apparell lacke,
 Each of them bore his Wardrobe at his backe.
 Their Attant was, but sore against their wils,
 To Westminster to speake with Master *Milles*.
 To maruell men of such a sumptuous Dyet,
 Were brought into the Star-chamber for a Ryot.
 These Squires one night arrived at a towne,
 To looke their lodgings, when the Sun was downe,
 And for the Inne-keeper his gates had locked,
 In haste, like men of some account they knocked.
 The drowsie Chamberlaine doth aske who's there,
 They told that Gentlemen of Wales they were.

How

Sir IOHN HARRINGTON'S

How many, quoth the man, is there of you?

Quoth they, Here is *Iohn ap Rice, ap Iones, ap Hue,*
And *Nicholas ap Steuen, ap Giles, ap Dany.*

Then Gentlemen, adue, quoth he, God saue ye.

Your Worships might haue had a bed or twaine,
But how can that suffice so great a traine?

63 *To Master Maior of Bathe, that Bathe*
is like Paradise.

SIr, if you eithet angry were or sory,
That I haue lik'ned Bathe to Purgatory;
Loe, to re-gaine your fauour in a trice,
I'll proue it much more like to Paradise:
Man was at first in Paradise created,
Many men still in Bathe are procreated.
Man liu'd therein state of Innocence,
Here many liue in wit, like Innocents.
There sprang the heads of foure most noble streames,
From hence flow springs, nor matcht in any Realmes.
Those springs & fruits, brought helpe for each disease,
These vnto many maladies bring ease,
Man, there was monyleffe, naked and poore;
Many goe begging here from dore to dore.
Man there did taste the Tree he was forbidden,
Here many men taste fruits, makes them be chidden.
Angels dwell there in pure and shining habit;
Angels like faces, some this place inhabit.
Angels let in all are admitted thither,
Angels keepe in all are admitted hither.

Many

Many are said to goe to heauen from thence,
 Many are sent to heauen, or hell, from hence,
 But in this one thing likenesse most is fram'd,
 That Men in Bathe goe naked, not asham'd.

64 Of Don Pedro's debts.

On Pedro's out of debt, be bold to say it,
 For they are said to owe, that meane to pay it.

65 Of one that vow'd to dis-inherit his sonne, and
 giue his goods to the poore.

A Citizen that dwelt neere Temple-barre,
 By hap one day fell with his Sonne at larre;
 Whom for his euill life, and lewd demerit,
 He oft affirm'd, he would quite dis-Inherit,
 And vow'd his goods, and lands, all to the poore,
 His sonne what with his play, what with his whore,
 Was so consum'd at last, as he did lacke
 Meate for his mouth, and clothing for his backe.
 O craftie pouerty! his father now,
 May giue him all he hath, yet keepe his vow.

66 Of a Pretise Cobler, and an igno-
 rant Curat.

A Cobler, and a Curat, once disputed
 Afore a Iudge, about the Queenes Iniunctions,
 And

Sir JOHN HARRINGTONS

And sith that still the Curat was confured,
One said 'twas fit that they two changed functions,
Nay, said the Iudge, that motion much I lothe,
But if you will, wee'le make them Coblers both.

67 Of Lynus Poetrie.

WHEN *Lynus* thinks that he and I are friends,
Then all his Poems vnto me he sends:
His Disticks, Satyrs, Sonnets, and Exameters,
His Epigrams, his Lyricks, his Pentameters,
Then I must censure them, I must correct them,
Then onely I must order, and direct them,
I read some three or foure, and passe the rest,
And when for answer, I by him am prest,
I say, that all of them, some praise deserue,
For certaine vses I could make them serue.
But yet his rime is harsh, vneu'n his number,
The manner much, the matter both doth cumber.
His words too strange, his meanings are too mistick
But at one word, I best indure his Disticke:
And yet, might I perswade him in mine humor,
Not to affect vaine praise of common rumor,
Then should he write of nothing: for indeede,
Gladly of nothing I his verse would reade.

EPIGRAMS.

88 *Of one that seekes to be stellified being no
Pithagorian.*

AN vſe there was among ſome Pithagorians,
If we giue credit to the beſt Hiſtorians :
How they that would obſerue the courſe of Starres,
To purge the vapors, that our cleere ſight tarres,
And bring the braine vnto a ſettled quiet,
Did keepe a wondrous ſtrict and ſparing dyet,
Drinke water from the pureſt heads of ſprings,
Eate Hearbs and Flowers, not taſte of liuing things :
And then to this ſcant fare, their bookes applying,
They call'd this ſparing Dyet, Stellifying.
Then thinkeſt thou, profeſſed Epicure,
That neuer couldeſt vertuous paines endure,
That eat'ſt fat Veniſon, bowzeſt Claret Wine,
Do'ſt play till twelue, and ſleepe till after nine,
And in a Coach like *Vulcans* ſonne doſt ride,
That thou art worthy to be ſtellified?

89 *Againſt Momus.*

Ewd *Momus* loues, mens liues and lines to ſkane,
Yet ſaid (by chance) I was an honeſt man.
But yet one fault of mine, he ſtraight rebeaſes;
Which is, I am ſo full of royes and verſes.
True; *Momus*, true, that is my fault, I grant.
Yet when thou ſhalt thy chiefeſt vertue vaunt,

D

I know

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

I know some worthy Sprites one might entice,
To leaue that greatest Vertue, for this Vice.

70 of Galla, and her Tawny fanne.

WHEN Galla and my selfe doe talke together,
Her face she shroudes with fanne of tawny Fether,
And while my thought somewhat thereof deuisseth,
A double doubt within my minde arisseth:
As first, her skin or fanne which looketh brighter,
And second whether those her looks be lighter, (den.
Thē that same Plume wherwith her looks were hid.
But if I cleer'd these doubts, I should be chidden.

71 To his Wife for striking her Dogge.

YOur little Dogge that barked as I came by,
I strake by hap so hard, I made him cry,
And straight you put your finger in your eye,
And lowring sate, and askt the reason why.
Loue me, and loue my Dogge, thou didst reply:
Loue as both should be lou'd. I will, said I,
And seald it with a kisse. Then by and by,
Cleer'd were the clouds of thy faire frowning sky.
Thus small euents, great masteries may try.
For I by this, doe at their meaning ghesse,
That beate a Whelp afore a Lyonesse.

72 Again

72 *Against a Wittall Broker that set his wife to sale.*

I See thee sell Swords, Pistols, Clokes, and Gowns,
With Dublets, Slops, & they that pay thee crowns;
Doe, as 'tis reason, beare away the ware,
Which to supply, is thy continuall care.
But thy wifes ware, farre better rate doth hold,
Which vnto sundry chapmen's dayly sold.

Her Fayre lasts all the yeere, and doth not finish,
Nor doth her ware ought lessen, or diminish.

73 *Of his translation of Ariosto.*

I Spent some yeeres, & months, & weeks, and dayes,
In Englishing the Italian *Ariost*.
And straighe some offered Epigrams in praise
Of that my thankelesse paines, and fruitlesse cost.
But while this offer did my spirits raise,
And that I told my friend thereof in post;
He disapprov'd the purpose many wayes,
And with this proverbe prou'd it labour lost:
Good Ale doth need no signe, good Wine no bush,
Good verse of praisers, needs not passe a rush.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

74 of Cinna's Election.

PVre Cinna makes no question he's elect,
Yet lewdly limes: I might beleecue him better,
If he would change his life, or change one letter,
And say that he is sure he is elect.

An holy, true, and long preserved purity,
May hap, and but perhap breede such securitie.

75 The Author to a Daughter of nine
yeere olde.

THough pride in Damfels is a hatefull vice,
Yet could I like a Noble-minded Girle,
That would demand me things of costly price,
Rich Veluet gownes, pendants, and chaines of Pearle
Carknets of Aggats, cut with rare denice,
Not that hereby she should my minde entice
To buy such things against both wit and profit,
But I like well she should be worthy of it.

76 To the Earle of Essex, of one enuious of
Ariosto translated.

MY Noble Lord, some men haue thought me
Because my *Furioso* is so spred, (proud
And that your Lordship hath it seene and read,
And haue my veine, and paine therein alowd.
No sure, I say, and long time since haue vowd,

My fancies shall not with such baits be fed,
Nor am I fram'd so light in foot or head,
That I should daunce at sound of praises crow'd:
Yes I'll confesse this pleas'd me when I heard it,
How one that euer carpes at others writings,
Yet seldome any shewes of his enditings:
With much ado gaue vp this hungry verdict,
'Twas well he said, but 'twas but a translation,
Is't not a Ramme that buts of such a fashion?

77. *Of a speechlesse woman. To his wife.*

A Curst wife, of her husbands dealings doubting,
At his home comming silent was and mute,
And when with kindnesse he did her salute,
He held her peace, and lowring fate and pouting,
Which humor that he thought to check with flou-
re caus'd one secretly to raise a brute (ring:
That she lay speechlesse: straight the Bell doth roule,
And men devoutly giuen, pray'd for her soule.
Then some kinde Gossips made a speciall sute
To visit her, her hard case to condole:
He wondred at the cause: but when she knew it,
From that time forward, so her tongue did role,
That her good man did wish he had been breechlesse,
When first he gaue it forth, that she was speechlesse.
Well then, my Moll, lest my mis-hap be such,
Be neuer dumbe, yet neuer speake too much.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

78. *Of a dumbe Horse.*

When you and I, *Paulus* once Hackneys hired,
Rode late to *Rocheſter*, my Hackney tired;
You that will loſe a friend, to coine a leſt,
Play'd thus on me, and my poore tyred beaſt.
Marke, in *Miſacmos* Horſe, a wondrous change,
A ſudden *Metamorphoſis* moſt ſtrange.
His horſeway lay at riſing of the Sunne,
And now you plaine may ſee his Horſe is downe.
Well, *Paulus*, thus with me, you pleaſe to ſport,
But thus againe, your ſcoffe I can retort.
Your haire was blacke, and therein was your glory:
But in two yeeres, it grew all gray and hoary.
Now like my Hackney worne with too much trauell,
Mired in the clay, or tired in the grauell,
While two yeere more over your head are runne,
Your haire is neither blacke, nor gray, 'tis dunne.

79. *Of Leda that plaid at Tables with
her Husband.*

IF tales are told of *Leda* be not Fables,
Thou with thy Husband doſt play falſe at Tables.
Firſt, thou ſo cunningly a Die canſt flurre,
To ſtrike an Ace ſo dead, it cannot flurre.
Then play thou for a pound, or for a pin,
High men are low men, ſtill are foyleſt in.

Thirdly

Thirdly through, for free entrance is no fearing,
Yet thou dost overreach him still at bearing:
If poore Almes-ace, or Sincks, haue beene the cast,
Thou bear'st too many men, thou bear'st too fast.
Well, *Leda*, heare my counsell, vse it not,
Else your faire game may haue so foule a blot,
That he to lose, or leaue, will first aduenture,
Then in so shamefull open points to enter,

80 *Of Soothsaying, to the Queene of England.* (ling,

Might Queenes shun future mischief by foretel-
The among Soothsayers 'twere excellent dwell-
But if there be no means, such harms expelling. (ling;
The knowledge makes the grief, the more excelleng.
Well, yet deare Liege, my soule this comfort doth,
That of these Soothsayers very few say sooth,

81 *How an Asse may proue an Elephant,*

Thath beene said, to give good spirits hope,
A Knight may proue a King, a Clarke, a Pope,
But our yong spirits disdaining all old Rules,
Compar'd by holy Writ, to Horse and Mules;
Is vaine with ancient Proverbs, to prouoke
To vertuous course, with these such beare no Aroke.
Then their old pride, let my new Proverb danr,
An Asse may one day proue an Elephant,

82 *Of a Precise Lawyer.*

A Lawyer call'd vnto the Barre but lately,
 Yet one that lofty bare his lookes, and stately,
 And how so e're his minde was in sinceritie,
 His speech and manners shew'd a great austeritie.
 This Lawyer hop'd to be a bidden ghest,
 With diuers others to a Gossips feast.
 Where though that many did by entercourse,
 Exchange sometimes from this, to that discourse:
 Yet one bent brow, and frowne of him was able,
 To gouerne all the talke was at the table.
 His manner was, perhaps to helpe digestion,
 Still to Diuinitie to draw each question:
 In which his tongue extravagant would range,
 And he pronounced Maxims very strange.
 First, he affirm'd, it was a passing folly,
 To thinke one day more then another holy.
 If one said Michaelmas, straight he would chide,
 And tell them they must call it Michaels tide.
 If one had sneez'd to say (as is the fashion)
 Christ helpe, 'twas witchcraft, & deseru'd damnation.
 Now when he talked thus, you must suppose,
 The Gossips cup came often from his nose,
 And were it the warme spice, or the warme wether,
 At least he sneezed twice or thrice together.
 A pleasant ghest, that kept his words in minde,
 And heard him sneeze, in scorne said, Keepe behinde.
 At which the Lawyer taking great offence,
 Said, Sir, you might haue y^e d saue reuerence.

I would

EPIGRAMS.

I would quoth th' other, saue I feard you (too.
Would then haue cal'd saue reuerence witchcraft.

83 *A Prophecie, when Asses shall grow Elephants.*

When making harmful gunnes, vnfruitfull glasses,
Shall quite consume our stately Oakes to ashes:
When Law fills all the land with blots and dashes,
When land long quiet, held concealed, passes,
When warre and truce playes passes and repasses,
When Monopolies are giu'n of toyes and trashes:
When courtiers mar good clothes, with cuts & fla-
Whe Lads shal think it free to ly with Lasses (shes,
Whe clergy comes to buy, sell, none abashes, (shes,
Whe fowle skins are made fair with new found wa-
Whe prints are set on work, with Greens & Nashes,
When Lechers learn to stir yp Lust with lasses,
When plainnesse vanishes, vaine nesse surpasses,
Some shal grow Elephants, were knowne but Asses.

84 *To my Lady Rogers of her
servant Payne.*

Our servant *Payne*, for Legacies hath sued
Seuen yeeres. I aske him how his matter passes.
He tels how his Testator left nor assets.
By which plea him th'executor would allude.
In this Lawyers French both dull and rude,
Replide, the plea my learning farre surpasses.

Yet

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Yet when reports of both sides I had view'd
In *Forma paper*, this I did conclude;
He was left *Pauper*, and all his Counsell asses:
Yet you would giue a hundred crownes or twaine,
That you could cleare discharge your seruant *Paine*.

84 Of one that is unwilling to lend money.

W Hen I but buy two suites of rich apparrell,
Or some faire ready horse against the running,
Rich *Quintus*, that same Miser, slye and cunning,
Yet my great friend, begins to pick a quarrell,
To tell me how his credit is in perill; (ken)
How some great Lord (whose name may not be spo-
With him for twenty thousand crownes hath broken
Then, with a fained sigh, and signe of sorrow,
Swearing he thinks these Lords will quite vndoe
He calls his seruant *Oliner* vnto him, (him,
And sends to the Exchange, to take on vse
One thousand pounds, must needs be paid to morrow.
Thus would he blind mine eyes with this abuse,
And thinks, though he was sure I came to borrow,
That now I needs must shut my mouth for shame.
Fie, *Quintus*, fie, then when I speak deny me.
But to deny me thus, before I try thee,
Blush and confesse that you be too too blame.

85 *Against Promoters.*

B Ase spies, disturbers of the publike rest,
With forged wrongs, the true mans right that
lacke hence exild to desert lands, and wasse. (wrest:
and drinke the cup that you made others taste.
But yet the Prince to you doth bounnty show,
That doth your very liues on you bestow.

86 *Against too much trust.*

I F you will shrowde you safe from all mis-haps,
And shunne the cause of many after-claps:
Put not in any one, too much beliefe:
Your ioy will be the lesse, so will your grieve.

87 *Of dangerous reconciling.*

D Icke said, Beware a reconciled foe,
For, though he sooth your words, he seekes your
But I would haue my friend late reconciled, (woe:
Beware then Dickes, lest he be worst beguiled.

88 *Of Leda that saies she is sure to be saved.*

I Nce Leda knew that sure she was elected, (boast:
She buyes rich clothes, fares well, and makes her
Her

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Her corps, the Temple of the Holy Ghost,
Must be more cherrished, and more respected :
But *Leda* liueth still to sinne subiected.

Tell *Leda*, that her friend *Misacmos* feares,
That till she get a mind of more submission,
And purge that corps with Hysope of contrition,
And wash that sinfull soule with saltish tears, (weares,
Though Quailles she eates, though Gold & Pearle she
Yet sure she doth with damned *Core & Dathan*,
But feed and clad a Synagogue of Sathan.

89 To the Lady Rogers, of her vnaprofitable
sparing.

WHEN I to you sometimes make friendly motion,
To spend vp your superfluous prouision,
Or sell the same for coyne, or for deuotion,
To make thereof among the poore diuision ;
Straight you answer me, halfe in derision,
And bid me speake against your course no more :
For plenty you doe loue, store is no sore.

But ah, such store is enemy to plenty,
You waste for feare to want, I dare assume it :
For, while to sell, spend, giue, you make such daintie,
Keepe corne and cloth, till rat and rot consume it,
Let meat so mould, till muske cannot perfume it,
And by such sparing, seeke to mend such store,
Sore is such store, and God offending sore.

90 *Against Church-robbers, upon a
picture that hangs where it
is worthy.*

THe Germans haue a by-word at this houre,
By *Luther* taught, by Painters skill exprest,
How *Sathan* daily Fryers doth deuoure,
Whom in short space he doth so well digest,
That passing downe through his posterior parts,
Tall souldiers thence he to the world deliuers,
And out they flie, all arm'd with pikes and darts,
With halberts, & with muskets and caliuers.
According to this *Lutheran* opinions,
They that deuoure whole Churches and their rents,
I meane our fauourites and Courtly Minions,
Void Forts and Castles, in their excrements,

91 *A Tale of a Bayliffe distraining for rent.
To my Ladie Rogers.*

I Heard a pleasant tale at Cammington,
There where my Lady dwelt, cald The faire Nun,
How one that by his office was Deceiuer,
(My tongue oft trips) I should haue said Receiuer,
Or to speake plaine and true, an arrant Baylie,
Such as about the Country travell daily,
That when the quarter day was two daies past,
Went presently to gather rents in hast.

And

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

And if, as oft it hapt, he brake good manner,
He straight would plead the custome of the Mannor,
Swearing he might distraine all goods and chattell,
Were it in moueables; or else quick cattell.

This Bayliffe, comming to a tenement,
In the Tenants absence, straynd his wife for rent;
In which the beast so pliable he found,
He neuer needes to driue her to the pound,
The Tenant, by intelligence, did ghesse,
The Bayliffe taken had a wrong distresse:
And to the Bayliffes wife he went complaining,
Of this her husbands vlage in distraining;
Requesting her like curtesies to render,
And to accept such rent as he would tender.
She, whether moued with some strange compassion,
Or that his tale did put her in new passion,
Accepts his payment like a gentle wench;
All coyne was currant, English, Spanish, French:
And when she taken had his sorrie pistance,
I thinke, that with a kisse she seal'd the quittance:
Whē next these husbands met, they chaff, they curse,
Happy was he that could cry Cuckold furst.
From spightfull words, they fell to daggers drawing
And after, each to other threatned lawing.
Each party seekes to make him strong by faction,
In seuerall Courts they enter seuerall action,
Actions of Battery, actions in the Case,
With riots, routes, disturbed all the place.
Much bloud, much money had been spilt and spent,

EPIGRAMS.

About this foolish straining for the rent;
 Saue that a gentle Iustice of the Peace,
 Willing to cause such foolish quarrels cease,
 Preuail'd so with the parties by entreatie,
 Of concord both agreed to haue a treatie:
 And both refer'd the matter to the Iustice,
 Who hauing well obseru'd what a iest is:
 To thinke two Cuckolds were so fairely parted,
 Each hauing tane the blow, that neuer smarted,
 He charged each of them shake hands together,
 And when they meet, to say, Good morrow, brother,
 Thus each quit other all old debts and dribblets,
 And set the Hares head, 'gainst the Gooses giblets.

92 *Of casting out Spirits with fasting, without Prayer.*

A Vertuous Dame that for her state and qualitie,
 Did euer loue to keepe great Hospitalitie,
 Her name I must not name in plaine reciting,
 But thus the chiefeest instrument in writing,
 Was, by Duke *Humphreys* ghests so boldly haunted,
 That her good minde thereby was shrewdly daunted.
 He sighing said one day to a carelesse Iester,
 These ill bred ghests my boord and house so pester,
 That I pray God oft times with all my heart,
 That they would leaue this haunt, and hence depart:
 He that by his owne humor hap'ly ghest,
 What manner sprite these smel-seasts had possesst,

Told

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Told him, the surest way such spirits out-casting,
Was, to leane prayer awhile, & fall to fasting.

93 *Against Itis a Poet.*

I*tis* with leaden sword doth wound my Muse,
Itis whose Muse in vncouth termes doth swagger
For should I wish *Itis* for this abuse,
But to his leaden sword, a wooden dagger:

94 *Of Wittoll.*

C*ayus*, none reckned of thy wife a poynt,
While each man might, without all let or cūbe
But since a watch o're her thou didst appoint,
Of Customers she hath no little number,
Well, let them laugh hereat that list, and scoffe it,
But thou do'st find what makes most for thy profi

The end of the first Booke.



65th Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS Epi-
grams, the second Booke.

1 *To the Lady Rogers, th^e author's
wines Mother.*

66th F I but speake words of a pleasing sound :
Yea though the same be but in sport and play,
You bid me peace, or else a thousand pound,
Such words shall worke out of my childrens way.
When you say thus, I haue no word to say.
Thus without Obligation, I stand bound,
Thus, wealth makes you command, hope me obay.
But let me finde this true another day:
Else when your body shall be brought to ground,
Your soule to blessed *Abrahams* bosome, I.
May with good manners giue your soule the lye.

71th 2 *Of the Bishopricke of Landasse.*

A Learned Prelate late dispos'd to lasse,
Hearing me name the Bishop of Landasse :

E

You

Sir JOHN HARRINGTONS

You should say, he aduising well hereon,
Call him Lord *Aff*: for all the land is gone.

3 *Of Don Pedro's Dyet drinke.*

D*On Pedro* drinckes to no man at the boord,
Nor once a taste doth of his cup affoord.
Some thinke it pride in him: but see their blindnesse
I know therein, his Lordship doth vs kindnesse.

4 *Of Leda and Balbus.* (hide it)

L*Eda was Balbus* queane, yet might shee haue de-
She weds him, now what meanes hath *Leda* left to
(hide it)

5 *Of Cinna his Gossip cup.*

When I with thee, *Cinna*, doe dine or sup,
Thou still do'st offer me thy Gossips cup:
And though it sauer well, and be well spiced,
yet I to taste thereof am not enticed.
Now sith you needs will haue me cause alledge,
While I straine curt'sie in that cup to pledge:
One said, thou mad'st that cup so hote of spice,
That it had made thee now a widdower twice.
I will not say 'tis so, nor that I thinke it:
But good Sir, pardon me, I cannot drinke it,

6 Of Leda's Religion.

My lovely Leda, some at thee repining,
Ask me vnto what sect thou art inclining?
Which doubts shall I resolute among so many,
Whether to none, to one, to all, to any?
Surely one should be deem'd a false accusant,
That would appeach Leda for a Recusant.
Her fault according to her former vsing,
Was noted more in taking, then refusing.
For Lent, or Fasts, she hath no superstition,
For if she haue not chang'd her old condition
Be it by night in bed, in day in dish,
Flesh vnto her more welcome is then Fish.
Thou art no Protestant, thy false hood saith;
Thou canst not hope to saue thy selfe by faith.
Well, Leda, yet to shew my good affection,
Ile say thy sect is of a double section.
A Brownist lonely browne, thy face and breast,
The Families of Loue, in all the rest.

7 That fauorites helpe the Church.

Of late I wrote after my wanton fashion,
That fauorites consume the Churches rents;
But mou'd in conscience with retraction,
Ile shew how fore that rashnes me repents.
For noting in my priuate obseruation,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

What rents and schismes among vs dayly grow :
No hope appeares of reconciliation,
By helpe of such as can, or such as know.
My Muse must sing, although my soule laments,
That Favorites increase the Churches rents.

8 Of Cinna his courage.

PVre *Cinna* saith, and proudly doth professe,
That if the quarrell he maintaines be good :
No man more valiant is to spend his bloud,
No man can dread of death, of danger lesse.
But if the cause be bad, he doth confesse,
His heart is cold, and cowardly his moode.
Well, *Cinna*, yet this cannot be withstood,
Thou hast but euill lucke, I threwdly gesse,
That biding whereas brawles are bred most rife,
Thou neuer hadst good quarrell all thy life.

9. Of a Lawyer that deserv'd his fee.

S*extus* retain'd a Sergeant at the Lawes,
With one good Fee in an ill-favor'd cause.
The matter bad, no Iudge nor Iury plyent,
The verdict clearely past against the Clyent,
With which he chaft, and swore he was betray'd,
Because for him the Sergeant little said:

And of the Fee, he would haue barr'd him halfe,
 Whereat the Sergeant wroth, said, Dizzard Calfc,
 Thou would'st, if thou hadst wit, or sence to see,
 Confesse I had deseru'd a double Fee,
 That stood and blushed there in thy behalfe.

10 of Don Pedro.

A Slave thou wert by birth, of this I gather,
 For euer more thou sai'st, my Lord, my Father.

11 Against Lynus a writer.

I Heare that *Lynus* growes in wondrous choller,
 Because I said, he wrote but like a scholler.
 If I haue said so, *Lynus*, I must grant it,
 What ere I speake thy scholler-ship concerning,
 I neuer thought, or meant, that thou hast learning:
 But that hereof may grow some more recitall,
 I'll teach thee how to make mee full requitall.
 Say thou to breed me equall spight and choller,
Misacmas neuer writes, but like a scholler.

12 of Don Pedros bonds.

Don Pedro cares not in what bonds he enter,
 Then I to trust *Don Pedro* soone will venter.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

For no man can of bonds stand more secure,
Then he that meanes to keepe his payment sure.

13. *Against Cayus that scorn'd his
Metamorphosis.*

Last day thy Mistris, *Cayus*, being present,
One hapt to name, so purpose not vnpleasant,
The Title of my mis-conceiued Booke:
At which you spit, as though you could not brooke
So grosse a Word? but shall I tell the matter
Why? If one names a lax, your lips doe water.

There was the place of your first loue and meeting,
There first you gave your Mistris such a greeting,
As bred her scorne, your shame, and others lafter,
And made her feele it twenty fortnights after:
Then thanke their wit, that make the place so sweet,
That for your *Hymen* you thought place so meet.

But meet not Maids at *Madam Cloacina*,
Lest they cry nine moneths after, *Helpe Lucina*.

14. *Against an Atheist.*

That beaurns are volde, & that no gods there are,
Rich *Parrus* saith, and all his prooffe is this:
That while such blasphemies pronounce he dare,
He liueth here in ease, and earthly blisse.

15 *Of Cosmus beyre.*

When all men thought old *Cosmus* was a dying,
 And had by Will giu'n thee much goods & lands,
 Oh, how the little *Cosmus* fell a crying
 Oh, how he beates his breasts, and wring his hands!
 How feruently for *Cosmus* health he pray'd!
 What worthy Almes he vow'd, on that condition:
 But when his pangs a little were allayd,
 And health seem'd hoped, by the learn'd Phyficion,
 Then though his lips, all loue, and kindnesse vanted,
 His heart did pray, his prayer might not be granted,

16 *Of Faustus, a stealer of Verses.*

Heard that *Faustus* oftentimes reherfes,
 To his chaste Mistris, certaine of my Verses:
 In which with vse, so perfect he is growne,
 That she poore foole, now thinkes they are his owne,
 Would esteeme it (trust me) grace, not shame,
 If *Danis*, or if *Daniel* did the same.
 Or would I thanke, or would I quarrell pike,
 When I list, could doe to them the like.
 But who can wish a man a fowler spight,
 When haue a blinde man take away his light?
 A begging Theefe, is dangerous to my purse:
 A baggage Poet to my Verse is worse.

17 *Misacmos of himselfe.*

MVse you, *Misacmos* failes in some endeuour.
Alas, an honest man's a Nouice euer.
Fie, but a man's disgrac'd, noted a Nouice.
Yea, but a man's more grac'd, noted of no vice.

18 *Of the corne that rained.*

IHandled, tasted, saw it with mine eyes,
The graine that lately fell downe from the skies.
Yet what it tok'ned could I not deuise,
And many doubts did in my minde arise.
At last, I thus resolud, it signifies
That this is our sole meane, to mend this dearth,
To aske from heau'n, that we doe lacke on earth.

19 *To his wife, at the birth of his sixth Child.*

THe Poet Martiall made a speciall sute
Vnto his Prince, to grant him vnder scale,
Right of three children, which they did impute
A kinde of honour, in their Common-weale.
But for such sute, my selfe I need not trouble,
For thou do'st scale to me this Patent double.

20 *Against Feasting.*

Kinde *Marcus*, me to supper lately bad,
 And to declare how well to vs he wished,
 The roome was strow'd with Roses and with Rushes,
 And all the cheere was got, that could be had,
 Now in the midst of all our dainty dishes,
 Me thinke, said he to me, you looke but sad,
 Alas (said I) 'tis to see thee so mad,
 To spoile the skies of Fowles, the seas of fishes,
 The land of beasts, and be at so much cost,
 For that which in one houre will all be lost.
 That entertainment that makes me most glad,
 Is not the store of stew'd, boyl'd, bak't and rost,
 But sweet discourse, meane fare, & then beleue me,
 To make to thee like cheere, shall neuer grieve me.

21 *Against Cosmus couetousnesse.*

C*osmus*, when I among thine other vices,
 That are in nature foule, in number many,
 Aske thee what is the reason thee entices,
 To be so basely pinching for thy penny?
 Do'st thou not call vpon thy selfe a curse,
 Not to enioy the wealth that thou hast wonne:
 But saue, as if thy soule were in thy purse?
 Thou straight reply'st, I saue all for my senne.
 Alas, this re-confirms what I said rather:
Cosmus hath euer beene a Penny-father.

22 *Against*

22 *Against Vintners in Barbe.*

IF men ought those in dutie to commend,
That questions of Religion seeke to end,
Then I to praise our Vintners doe intend.
For Question is twixt Writer old and latter,
If wine alone, or if wine mixt with water,
Should of the blessed Sacrament be matter?
Some ancient Writers wish it should be mingled,
But latter men, with much more zeale inkindled,
Will haue wine quite and cleane from water singled.
Our zealous Vintners here, growne great Diuines,
To finde which way antiquitie enclines,
For pure zeale mix with water all our wines.
Well, plainly to tell truth, and not to flatter,
I find our wines are much the worse for water.

23 *To Bassifie, his wines mother, when
shee was angry.*

MAdam, I read to you a little since,
The story of a Knight that had incurd
The deep displeasure of a mighty Prince:
For feare of which, long time he neuer sturd,
Till watching once the King that came frō Chappel,
His little sonne fast by him, with his Gardon,
Entic'd the Infant to him with an apple;
So caught him in his armes, and su'd for pardon:
Then

Then you shall turne your angry frown from lafter,
As oft as in mine armes you see your daughter.

24 To his wife, of Poppea Sabynas
faire heire.

All once I did, but doe not now enuy
Fierce *Nero's* blisse, of faire *Poppeas* rayes,
That in his lap, koming her locks would lye,
Each hayre of hers, a verse of his did praise,
But that prail'd beauty, frivlesse spent her daies.
So yong *Augustus* euer cal'd him Dad,
So small *Poppeas* with their prettie playes,
Did melt their hearts, and melting make them glad:
But thou in this, do'st passe his faire *Sahna*,
That hast seven times beene succor'd by *Lucina*,
Thy wombe in branches leav'n, it selfe displayes.
Then leave I *Nero*, with *Poppeas* heyles:
To ioy, and to inioy thee, and thine heyles.

25 Against *Lulus* an ill Breacher.

Yong *Lulus* tooke a Text of excellent matter,
And did the same expound, but marre the latter,
His tongue so vainely did and idly charter,
The people nought but hem, & cough and spatter.
Then said a Knight not vs'd to lye or flatter:
Such Ministers doe bring the Diuels blessing.
That marre vs so good meate, with so ill dressing.

26 *Against Paulus an Atheist.*

Lewd *Lulus*, led by *Sadduces* infection,
 Doth not belecue the bodies resurrection:
 And holds them all in scorne, and deepe derision,
 That tell of Saints or Angels apparition;
 And sweares, such things are fables all, and fancies
 Of Lunatiques or Fooles, posselt with franzies.
 I haue (saide he) trauail'd both neere and farre,
 By sea, by land, in time of peace and warre.
 Yet neuer met I sprite, or ghost, or elfe,
 Or ought (as is the phrase) worse then my selfe,
 Well, *Paulus*, this, I now belecue indeede,
 For who in all, or part, denies his Creede;
 Went he to sea, land, hell, I would agree,
 A Fiend worse then himselfe, shall neuer see.

27 *To Galla going to the Bathe.*

When *Galla* for her health goeth to the Bathe,
 She carefully doth hide, as is most meete,
 With aprons of fine linnen, or a sheete,
 Those parts, that modesty concealed hath:
 Nor onely those, but eu'n the brest and necke,
 That might be seene, or showne, without all checke
 But yet one foule, and vnbeseeeming place,
 She leaues vncouered still: What's that? Her face

EPIGRAMS.

28 *To one that had meate ill drest.*

Ying Mithridate to poysons so inur'd him,
As deadly poysons, damage none procur'd him.
So you to stale vnsauorie foode and durtie,
Are so inur'd, as famine ne're can hurt yee.

29 *Of giuing much credit.*

O F all the Towne old *Cadros* giues most credit:
Who he, poore soule! Alas that ere you sed it.
How can he credit much, and is so poore?
Hee's blinde: yet makes he loue to euery whore.

30 *Of honest Theft. To my good friend Master
Samuel Daniel.*

Roud *Paulus* late my secrecies revealing,
Hath told I got some good conceits by stealing.
But where got he those double Pistoletts, (gets
With which good clothes, good fare, good land he
Tush, those, he saith, came by a man of warre,
That brought a Prize of price, from countries farre.
Then, fellow Thiefe, let's shake together hands,
With both our wares are filcht from sorren lands.
You'le spoile the Spaniards, by your writ of Mart:
And I the Romanes rob, by wit, and Art.

31 *Against*

31 *Against Faustus.*

In skorne of writers, *Faustus* still doth hold,
Nought is now said, but hath beene said of old:
Well, *Faustus*, say my wits are grosse and dull,
If for that word, I giue not thee a Gull:
Thus then I proue that holds a false position,
I say, thou art a man of fayre condition,
A man true of thy word, tall of thy hands,
Of high dissent, and left good store of lands,
Thou with false dice and cards hast neuer plaid;
Corrupted neuer Widdow, Wife, nor Maid,
And as for swearing none in all this Reame,
Doth seldomer in speech curse or blasphemie.
In fine, your vertues are so rare and ample,
For all our sonnes thou maist be made a sample.

This I dare sweare, none euer said before,

This I may sweare, none euer will say more.

32 *Of Free will.*

I Know a foolish fellow hath a fashion,
To proue that all is by Predestination,
And teach's, nor man, nor spirit hath free will
In dooing, no, nor thinking good or ill.
I am no Doctor at this disputation,
Nor are deepe questions fit for shallow skill:
Yet I'll renounce, with learn'd men reputation,
If I disproue not this by demonstration:

le proue so plaine, as none can it resist,
 That in some things, three things do what they list:
 The wind, saith Scripture, where it list doth blow,
 His tongue talkes what it lists, his speeches shoue,
 My heart beleeuēs him as it list, I know.

33 *Of a drunken Paracelsian.*

WHen *Pilo* other trades of thrift had mist,
 He then profess't to be an Alcumist,
 That's all too much, Chimist you might him call,
 And so I thinke twere true, and leaue out all:
 He takes vpon him, he can make a mixture,
 Of which he can extract the true elixar,
 Tinctur of Pearle and Currall he doth draw,
 And Quintessence the best that ere you saw,
 He hath the cure, except *Aqua Mirabilis*,
 Only he wants drammes *Auri potabilis*,
 He doth of nature to the secret ferrit,
 That he of euery thing can draw the spirit:
 Spirits of mynes, spirits of stones and herbes,
 Whose names can scant be told with nownes and
 But of all spirits my spirit doth diuine, (verbes,
 His spirit best doth loue the spirit of wine.

34 *Of Misacmos his successe in a suite.*

Misacmos hath long time a suter beene,
 To serue in some neere place about the Queens
 In which his friends to work his better speede,
 Doe tell her Highnesse, as tis true indeede,

That

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

That hee's a man well borne and better bred,
In humane studyes scene, in stories read,
Adding vnto an industry not small,
Pleasant conceit and memory withall,
And chiefly that he hath beene from his youth,
A zealous searcher of Eternall Truth:

Now neuer wonder, he his suite doth misse:
What I haue told you, that the reason is.

35 *A Groome of the Chambers religion in King Henry
the eight's time.*

ONE of King *Henries* Fauorites beganne,
To moue the King one day to take a man,
Whom of his Chamber he might make a Groome,
Soft, sayd the King, before I graunt that roome,
It is a question not to be neglected,
How he in his Religion stands affected.
For his Religion, answered then the Minion,
I doe not certaine know whats his opinion:
But sure he may, talking with men of learning,
Conforme himselfe in lesse then ten days warning.

36 *To Doctor Haruey of Cambridge.*

THE prouerbe sayes, Who fights with durty foes,
Must needs be foyld, admit they winne or lose.
Then think it doth a Doctors credit dash,
To make himselfe Antagonist to Nasty?

37 *An infallible rule to rule a wife, To*

his wine-monger.

Concerning th'wives hold this a certaine rule,
That if at first, you let them haue the rule,
Your selfe at last, with them shall haue no rule.
Except you let them euer-more to rule. *Probatu est.*

38 *Why Paulus takes so much Tobacco.*

When our good Irish neighbours make repaire,
With Leston Ruffe vnto Bridgewater Faire,
At euery Boethe, and Alehouse that they come,
They call for Herring straight, they must haue some:
Hostis, I preedee haue see any Herring?
Yes, sir: O passing-meat! a happy Herring.
Herring they aske, they praise, they eat, they buy,
No price of Herring can be held too high.
But, when among them it is closely muster'd,
Those Herrings that they bought, to sell are utter'd.
Then giue them Herring, Poh, away with these:
Pree dee good Hostis, giue's some English Cheese.
Hence I haue learn'd the cause, and see it clearly,
Why *Panthus* takes Tobacco, buyes it dearly,
At Tippling-houses, where he eats and drinks,
That euery roome straight of Tobacco smokes.
He swears tis saluie for all diseases bred,
It strengthens ones weake back, comforts the head,
Dulls much flesh-appetite, tis cordiall durable,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

It cures that ill, which some haue thought incurable
Thus while proud *Paulus* hath Tobacco praised,
The price of curry pound, a pound is raised,
And why's all this? because he loues it well?
No: but because himselfe hath store to sell.

But hauing sold all his, he will pronounce
The best in *Cane* not worth a groat an ounce.

39 Of a formall Minister.

A Minister, affecting singularity,
And preaching in the Pulpit of his thramie,
Borne with the current of the common streame,
Extolling faith and hope, forgetting charitie:
For while he was most busie in his Text,
He spyde a woman talking with her next,
And straight he crid to her, Dame, leaue thy babbling,
Wherewith the good poore woman shrewdly vext,
Could hold no longer, but fell flat to squabbling:
Bestrew thy naked heart, she doth reply.
Who babbled in this place more than, or I?

40 Of a lawfull wife.

AT end of three yeeres law, and sute, and strife,
Whē Canon lawes, & cōmon both cōmand her
C^y married thee; now sue them for a slander,
That dare deny she is thy lawfull wife.

41 Again

41 *Against Feasting.*

Aft day, I was vnto your house inuited,
And on thebord were forty diuers dishes,
Of Sallets, and of fesh & fowles and fishes,
With which (God knowes) I little am delighred.
Became, I came, Iooke that you did bid me,
But now, I rather thinke, you did forbid me.

42 *Against Lynus, that said the Nobility*

were decayed.

You Lynus, say, that most of our Nobilitie
Are much decayd in valour and in wit:
Though some of them haue wealth, and good ability:
Yet very few for gouernment are fit.
Oole, seest thou not, that in our stately buildings,
Laine massy stones the substance doth sustaine,
Yet colloms wreath'd & staid, set out with guildings,
Must in high ranke for ornament remaine:
So men of noble birth, the State adorne,
But by the wise, stout, learnd, the sway is borne.

43 *To Iuis, alias Ioyner, an vnclenly token,*

conuayd in cleenly tearmes.

Orquato Tasso, for one little fault,
That did perhaps deserue some small rebuke,
Was by his sharp and most vngratefull Duke,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Shut vp close prisoner in a loathsome vault;
Where wanting Pen and Inke by Princes order,
His wit, that wals of Adamant could pierce,
Found meanes to write his mind in excellent verse:
For want of Pen and Inke, with pisse and ordure,
But thy dull wit damn'd by *Apollon* crew,
To dungeon of disgrace, though free thy body,
With pen, nay Print, doth publish like a noddy.
Base tauntes, that turn'd vpon thy selfe, are true,
And wanting salt thy wallowish stile to season,
And being of vncouth tearmes a senselesse coyner,
Thou call'st it thy selfe vnproperly, a loyner,
Whose verse hath quite disceuer'd rime and reason:
Deseruing for such rayling, and such bodging,
For this, *Torquatus* Inke, for that, his Lodging.

44 *To his wife.*

WHen I to thee my Letters superscribe
Thus, To mine own; *Leda* therat doth ioybe,
And aske her why? she saith, because I flatter.
But let her thinke so still, it makes no matter:
If I doe flatter, onely thou canst try,
Suffiseth me, thou think'st I doe not lye.
For, let her husband write so, for my life,
He flattereth himselfe more then his wife.

45 *Sir Iohn Raynsfords confession.*

Raynsford, a Knight, fit to haue seru'd king *Arthur*
And in *Queene Marias* dayes a demy Martyr

For

For though both then, before, and since he turn'd,
 (Yet sure, *per ignem hunc*, he might be burn'd.)
 This Knight agreed with those of that profession,
 And went, as others did, to make confession:
 Among some *Peccadillies*, he confess'd,
 That same sweet sinne, that some but deeme a Iest,
 And told, how by good help of bawdes and varlets,
 Within 14. months he had sixe times twelve harlots.
 The Priest, that at the tale was halfe astonish'd,
 With grave & ghostly counsell him admonish'd
 To fast, and pray, to drive away that dinell,
 That was to him causer of so great emill,
 That the lewd spirit of Lecherie, no question,
 Stir'd vp his lust, with many a lewd suggestion:
 A filthy Fiend, said he, most foule and odious,
 Nam'd, as appeares, in holy writs, *A swedius*,
 Thus, with some Pennance that was ne're performed,
 Away went that same Knight, smally reformed,
 Soone after this, ensued religious change,
 That in the Church bred alteration strange,
 And *Raynsford*, with the rest, follow'd the streame,
 The Priest went rousing round about the Realme,
 This Priest, in clothes disguis'd himselfe did hide,
 Yet *Raynsford*, three yeers after him had spyde,
 And layd vnto his charge, and sorely prest him,
 To tell if 'twere not he that had confess'd him,
 The Priest, though this Knights words did sore him,
 Yet what he could not wel deny, did grane, (dauunt,
 And prayd him not to punish, or controule
 That he had done for safety of his soule.

No, knaue, quoth he, I will no harme procure thee,
 Vpon my Worship here I doe assure thee,
 I onely needs must laugh at thy great folly,
 That would'st perswade with me to be so holy,
 To chastise mine owne flesh, to fast, and pray,
 To driue the spirit of Lechery away.
 'Sownds, foolish knaue, I fasted not, nor prayd,
 Yet is that spirit quite gone from me, he said:
 If thou couldst helpe me to that spirit againe,
 Thou shouldst a hundred pound haue for thy paine,
 That lustie Lord of Lecherie *Assmedus*,
 That thou cal'st odious, I doe count commodious.

46 *A pretty question of Lazarus soule well
 answered.*

ONce on occasion two good friends of mine
 Did meete at meate, a Lawyer and Diuine:
 Both hauing eaten well to helpe digestion,
 To this Diuine, the Lawyer put this question:
 When *Lazarus* in graue foure dayes did stay,
 Where was his soule? in heauen, or hell I pray?
 Was it in hell? Thence no redemption is.
 And if in heauen: would Christ abate his blisse?
 Sir, said the Preacher, for a short digression,
 First, answer me one point, in your profession:
 If so his heyres and he had false to strife,
 Whose was the land, if he came backe from life?
 This latter question mou'd them all to laughter,
 And so they drunke one to another after.

47 *Against long suits in Law.*

IN Court of Wards, Kings Bench, & Common place
Thou follow'd hast one sute, this scur yeeeres space.
Ah wretched man, in mothers wombe accurst,
Thou could'st not rather lose thy sute at furst.

48 *Of an importunate prater, out of Martiall.*

HE that is hoarse, yet still to prate doth please,
Proues he can neither speake, nor hold his peace.

49 *Against Ielousie. To my friend.*

RIght terrible are windes on waters great,
Most horrible are tempests on the sea,
Fire mercilesse, that all consumes with heat,
Plagues monstrous are, that Citties cleane decay:
Warre cruell is, and pinching famine curst:
Yet of all ills, the ielouse wife is worst.

50 *Against Quintus, that being poore and
prodigall, became rich, and
miserable.*

SCANT was thy Living, Quintus, ten pound cleare,
When thou didst keepe such fare, so good a table,
That

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

That we thy friends praid God thou might'st be able,
To spend, at least, an hundred pounds a yeare.
Behold, our boone God did benignly heare.
Thou go'st so much by Fortune fauourable,
And foure friends deaths to thee both kind and deere.
But suddenly thou grew'st so miserable,
We thy old friends to thee vnwelcome are,
Poore-Iohn, and Apple-pyes are all our fare.
No Salmon, Sturgeon, Oysters, Crab, nor Cunger.
What should we wish thee now for such demerit?
I would thou might'st one thousand pounds inherit,
Thē, without question, thou wold'st starue for hunger.

51 To my Lady Rogers,

Good Madam, with kind speech & promise faire,
That from my wife you would not giue a rag,
But she should be Executor sole, and heyre.
I was (the more foole I) so proud and brag,
I sent to you against S. *James* his Faire,
A Teerce of Claret-wine, a great fat Stagge.
You straight to all your neighbors made a feast,
Each man I met hath filled vp his panch,
With my Red-deere, onely I was no ghest,
Nor euer since did taste of side or haunch.
Well, Madam, you may bid me hope the best,
That of your promise you be sound and staunch,
Else, I might doubt I should your Land inherit,
That of my Stagge did not one morsell merit.

52 Of Sextus self-hap coming from a
Tauerne.

NOW Sextus twice hath sup't at Sarazens head,
And both times, homewards, coming drunk to
by the way his Pantoffles hath lost, (bed:
and griev'd both with the mocke, and with the cost,
To saue such charges, and to shun such frumps,
He goes now to the Tauerne in his Pumps.

53 How Sextus laid claime to an Epigram.

WHEN Sextus heard my Rime of Rainsford reeding,
With laughter lowd he cries, and voice exceeding,
That Epigram was mine, who euer made it,
told him that conceit, from me, he had it,
h barbarisme, the blinder still the bolder!
Will Sextus ne'ere grow wiser growing older,
When Phidias framed had in marble pure,
goodly Statue, would a man endure
A Pyoner to challenge halfe the praise,
That from the quarry ragged stone did raise:
Or should a Carman boast of his desert,
because he did vnload it from his Cart,
thinke that Sextus selfe would neuer say't,
o in like manner, Sextus, that conceit (head,
Was like a rugged stone, dig'd from thy foolish
Now 'tis a Statue caru'd by vs, and polished.

54 *Of an Alborne Rabbit.*

LAte comming from the Palace of the best,
 (The centre of the men of better sence)
 My purse growne low, by ebbe of long expence:
 And going for supplyes into the West,
 My host to whom I was a welcome ghest,
 Makes me great cheere, but when I parted thence,
 My trustie seruant *William* tooke offence:
 (Though now God wot, it was too late to spare)
 That in the shot things too high prized are.
 And namely for two Rabbits twenty pence.
 The Tapster well enur'd to prate and face,
 Told they were white, and yong, and fat, and sweet:
 New kill'd, and newly come from Alborne chase:
 For that good fare, good paiement is most meete,
 I willing to make short their long debate,
 Bade my man pay the reck'ning at his rate:
 Adding, I know, a miser of his money,
 Giues more then ten pence for an Alborne Cony.

55 *Of hearing Masse.*

MEn talking, as oft times it comes to passe,
 How dangerous 'tis now to heare a Masse;
 A valiant Knight swore for a thousand pound,
 He would not present at a Masse be found.
 A Noble Lord stood by, and hearing it,
 Said, Sir, I then should much condemne your wit.

For were you found, and follow'd ne're so nearely,
You gaine nine hundred pound & vpward clearly.

56 *Of a Preacher that sings Placebo.*

A Smooth-cong'd Preacher that did much affect
To be reputed of the purest sect.
Vnto these times great praises did afford,
That brought, he said, the sunne-shine of the Word.
The sunne-shine of the Word, this he extold,
The sunne-shine of the Word, this still he told.
But I that well obseru'd what slender fruites
Hape growne of all their preaching and disputes,
Pray God they bring vs not, when all is done,
Out of Gods blessing, into this warme sunne.
For sure, as some of them haue vs'd the matter,
Their sunne-shine is but moone-shine in the water.

57 *Of the naked Image that was to stand in my
Lo: Chamberlaines Gallery.*

A Creon, guiltlesse vnawares espying
Naked *Diana*, bathing in her bowre,
Was plagu'd with horns, his dogs did him deuoure.
Wherefore take heede, ye that are curious prying,
With some such forked plague you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads your faults be written.

58 *Of the same to the Ladies.*

HEr face vnmask't, I saw, her corps vnclad,
No vaile, no couer, her and me betweene;
No ornament was hid, that beauty had,
I blush't that saw, she blush't not that was seene.
With that I vow'd neuer to care a rush,
For such a beaurty, as doth neuer blush.

59 *Of Don Pedroes thrust.*

DOn Pedro thinks I scerne him in my Rime,
And vowes, if he can proue I vse detraction,
Of the great scandall he will haue his action:
I that desir'd to cleere me of the crime,
When I was eskt, said, No, my Lord, I haue not,
Then I sweare, said he, Not so, my Lord, I cannot.
Since that I neuer heard newes of this action:
Wherefore, I thinke, he hath his satisfaction.

60 *Against bragging.*

When Romane *Marius* had in countrey quarrell,
The seruant killed, to the Masters terror:
What time his eye deceiu'd with rich apparell,
Did cause his hand commit that happy error:
The King amaz'd at so rare resolution,
Both for his safety, and his reputation:
Remou'd the fire, and stay'd that execution:
And for his sake, made peace with all his Nation.

Perhaps

Perhaps it is from hence the custome springs,
That oft in Court Knights goe as well as Kings.

61. Of Leda's unkindnesse.

Faire Leda late to me is growne malicious,
As all my workes in prose or verse repining,
Because my words, she saith makes men suspitious,
That she is to the Puritanes inclining.
Leda, what ere I said, I did suspect,
Thou wert not pure enough, in one respect.

62. Of an Abbot that had bene a
good fellow.

AN Abbot that had led a wanton life, (sicknesse,
And cited now, by deaths sharpe Summer,
In his soule, great agony and strife,
His sinnes appearing in most hideous likenesse.
The Monkes that saw their Abbot so dismayd;
And knew no lesse his life had bene lasciuious:
Yet for his finall comfort, thus they said,
Thinke not, deare Sir, we will be so oblivious,
Or that with fasting, and with sacred ringing,
And prayer, we will for you such grace attaine,
That after repaine and some Dingesing,
You shall be freed from Purgatories paine.
Ah, thanks my soories, said he, but all my feare
Is onely this, that I shall ne'r come there.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

63 *Against Cinna a Brownist, that saith he
is sure to be saved.*

IF thou remaine so sure of thine election,
As thou said'st, *Cinna*, when we last disputed,
That to thy soule, no sinne can be imputed:
That thy strong Faith, hath got so sure protection;
That all thy faults are free from all correction.
Heare then my counsell, to thy state well suited,
It comes from one, that beares thee kinde affection.
Tis so infallible, that no objection
There is, by which it may be well confuted.
Leaue, *Cinna*, this base earth with sinne polluted,
And to be free from wicked mens subiection,
And that the Saints may be by thee saluted,
Forsake wife, friends, lands, goods & worldly pelfe.
And get a halter quickly, and goe hang thy selfe.

64 *To Master Ballard, a Minister that made
a pleasant Booke of English
Epigrams.*

THough dusty wits of this vngratefull time,
Carpe at thy booke of Epigrams, and scoffe it;
Yet wise men know, to mix the sweet with profit.
Is worthy praise, nor onely void of crime.
Then let not enuy stop thy veine of Rime:
Nor let thy function make thee shamed of it:
A Poet is one step vnto a Prophet:

And such a step, as 'tis no shame to climb.
 You must in Pulpit treat of matters serious;
 As best becomes the person, and the place,
 There preach of Faith, Repentance, hope and grace,
 Of Sacraments, and such high things myRerious,
 But they are too seuer, and too imperious,
 That vnto honest sports will grant no space:
 For these our minds refresh, when those weary vs,
 And spurre out doubled spirit to swifter pace.
 The wholesomst meates that are, will breed facietie,
 Except we should admit of some varietie,
 In musike notes must be some high, some base,
 And this I note, your Verses haue intendment,
 Still kept within the lists of good sobrietie,
 To worke in mens ill manners, good amendment.
 Wherefore if any thinke such verse vnseasonable;
 Their Stoicke mindes are foes to good societie,
 And men of reason may thinke them vnreasonable,
 It is an act of vertue and of pietie,
 To warne vs of our sinnes in any sort,
 In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.

65 *Of a kinde vnkinde Husband.*

A Rich old Lord did wed a rich yong Lady,
 Of good complexion, and of goodly stature,
 And for he was of kinde and noble nature,
 He lou'd to see her goe as braue as may be.
 A pleasant Knight one day was so presumptuous,
 To

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

To tell this Lord in very of plaine simplicitie,
'Tis you, my Lord, that haue this worlds felicitie:
To haue a Dame so yong, so sweet, so sumptuous,
Tush, said the Lord, but these same costly Gownes,
With Kirtles, Carknets, plague me in such sort,
That euery time I take of *Venus* sport,
I will be sworne, cost me one hundred Crownes,
Now, *hie* Sir, said his wife, where is your sence;
Though 'tis too true, yet say not so for shame,
For I would wish to cleere me of the blame:
That each time cost you but a hundred pence,

66 Of Galla's goodly Periwigge.

YOU see the goodly hayre that *Galla* weares,
'Tis certain her own hair, who would haue thought
She swears it is her owne, and true she swears:
Forward by Temple-barre last day she bought it,
So faire a haire, vpon so foule a forehead, (rowe)
Augments disgrace, and shewes the grace is bor-

67 Of Master Iohn Dauies Booke of Dancing.
To himselfe.

WHILE you the Planets all doe set to dancing,
Beware such hap, as to the Fryer was chancing,
Who preaching in a Pulpit old and rotten,
Among some notes, most fit to be forgotten;
Vnto his Auditory thus he vaunts,
To make all Saints after his pype to daunce:

It speaking, which as he himselfe aduances,
To act his speech with Iestures, lo, it chanches,
Downe fals the Pulpit, sore the man is brused,
Neuer was Fryer, and Pulpit more abused.
Then beare with me, though yet to you a stranger,
To warne you of the like, nay greater danger.
For though none feare the falling of those sparkes,
And when they fall, 'twill be good catching Larkes)
Yet this may fall, that while you dance and skip
With Female Planets, sore your foote may trip,
That in your lofty Caprioll and turne,
Their motion may make your dimension burne.

68 To Paulus.

TO loue you, *Paulus*, I was well enclin'd:
But euer since you honour did require,
I honor'd you, because 'twas your desire:
But now to loue you, I doe neuer minde.

69 Of Table-talk.

Had this day carroust the thirteene cup,
And was both slipper-tong'd, and idle-brain'd,
And said by chance, that you with me should sup.
You thought hereby, a supper cleereely gain'd:
And in your Tables you did quote it vp,
Inciull ghest, that hath beene so ill train'd!
Worthy thou art hence supperlesse to walke,
That tak'st aduantage of our Table-talk.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

70 Of the commodities that men haue
by their Marriage.

A Fine yong Clerke, of kinne to Fryer *Frappert*,
Prompt of his tongue, of person neat and dapp,
Not deeply read, yet were he put vnto it, (per
One that could say his seruice, and would doe it.
His markes & haire, show'd him of excellent carriage
This man one day hap'ned to talke of marriage,
And prou'd not onely, that 'tis honorable,
But that the ioyes thereof are admirable.
He told the tale to me, and other friends,
And straight I learn'd it at my fingers ends.
Which ioyes that you may better vnderstand,
I'll place on each finger of my hand,
Foure ioyes, he said, on married Priests he casts,
A wife, and friends, and coyne, and children last.
And first the wife, see how at bed, at boord,
What comfort, and what ioyes, she doth affoord.
Then for her friends, what ioy can be more deare,
Then louing friends, dwell they farre off or neare.
A third ioy then it is, to haue the portion,
Well got, and void of strife, fraud or extortion.
And fourthly, those sweet Babes, that call on Dad,
Oh, how they ioy the soule, and make it glad!
But now, Sir, there remaines one obseruation,
That well deserues your due consideration.
Markethen againe, I say, for so 'twere meete,
Which of these ioyes are firme, and which doe flee

Fin

EPIGRAMS.

First, for the wife, sure no man can deny it,
 That for most part, she stickes most surely by it,
 But for thy friends, when they should most auail you,
 By death, or fortunes change, oft times they faile you.
 Then for the portion, without more forecast,
 Whiles charge encreaseth, money failes as fast.
 And last the children, most of them out-live you,
 But ill brought vp, they often liue to griene you.
 Now marke vpon the fingers, who remaine,
 The Children and the Wife, onely these twaine.

71 *To Marcus that would borrow.*

YOU sent to me, *Marcus*, for twenty marke:
 But to that sute, I would by no meanes harke:
 But straight next day, you sent your man in post,
 To tell me how a Lord with you would host.
 And I must lend, to entertaine this State,
 Some Basons, Ewres, and some such other plate.
 Are you a Foole? Or thinke you me a foole,
 That I should now be set againe to schoole?
 Were not my wisdom, worthy to be wondred,
 Denying twenty markes, to lend one hundred?

72 *To his wife after they had bene married
 foure years.*

TWO Prêtiships with thee I now haue been, (seen,
 Mad times, sad times, glad times, our life hath
 G s Soules

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Souls we haue wrought 4. payre since our first meeting
Of which, 2. soules, sweet soules, were to be fleeting,
My workmanship so well doth please thee still,
Thou wouldst not graunt me freedome by thy will:
And Ile confesse such vsage I haue found,
Mine heart yet ne're desir'd to be vnbound.
But though my selfe am thus thy Prentice vow'd,
My dearest *Mall*, yet thereof be not proud,
Nor claime no Rule thereby; ther's no such cause:
For *Plowden*, who was father of the Lawes
Which yet are read and rul'd by his Enditings,
Doth name himselfe a Prentice in his writings,
And I, if you should challenge vndue place,
Could learne of him to alter so the case:
I plaine would proue, I still kept due priority,
And that good wiues are still in their minority:
But far from thee, my deare, be such Audacitie:
I doubt more thou dost blame my dul Capacitie,
That though I trauaile true in my vocation,
I growe yet worse and worse at th' occupation.

73 Of a Bequest without a Legacy.

IN hope some Lease or Legacy to gaine,
You gaue old *Tim* yeerely ten pound pension.
Now he is dead, I heare thou dost complaine,
That in his will of thee he made no mention.
Cease this complaint that shewes thy base intention.
He left thee more, then some he lou'd more decreely.
For he hath left thee ten pound pension yeerely.

74 *Of one that lent money on sure band,*

Vhen *Lynus* little store of coyne is spent,
 And no supply of office or of Rent,
 He comes to *Titus* knowne a wary spender,
 A pleasant wit, but no great money-lender,
 And prest him very hard for twenty pound,
 For which small kindnesse he were greatly bound,
 And lest (quoth he) you deeme it might presumption,
 If I should offer you my bare assumption,
 I sweare All-hallows, I wil make repayment, (ment,
 Yea though I pawne mine Armour and my Ray-
 And for your more assurance, you shall haue
 What Obligation you your selfe will craue,
 Or Bill or Bond your payment to performe,
 Recognizance, Statute or any forme.
 Now *Titus* by report so well did know him,
 That he might scant trust him so far as throw him,
 And said he should haue so much at his hands,
 Forthwith if he might poynt the forme and bands.
 Agree'd, quoth *Lynus* straight, and doth him thanke,
 But *Titus* brings a Foorme of foure Inch-Plancke,
 Two of the Gard might scantely well it lise,
 And ere that *Lynus* well perceiu'd the drift,
 Fast to that Foorme he bindes him hands and feet:
 Then brought the mony forth and let him see,
 And sware till, he his fashions did reforme,
 None other bands could serue nor other forme.

75 *Of light Merchandize.*

IN Rome a Cryer had a Wench to sell,
Such as in common Stewes are wont to dwell,
Her name, nor his, I shall not neede to tell.
But hauing held her long at little price,
And thinking that some chapman to entice,
He clipt her in his armes as nothing nice,
And so he kist her more then once or twice.
What might he gaine, thinke you, by this deuice?
One that before had offered fifty shilling,
To giue one fift part, seemed now vnwilling.

76 *Of father Peleus stable.*

Old *Peleus* burn'd a Stable to the ground, (poore)
Which now to build doth cost three hundred
That's but one Gennets price with him, no force,
A Stable? No: He did but lose a horse.

77 *Of a censurer of English writers,*

That Englishmen haue small, or no inuention,
Old *Guillam* saith, and all our workes are barren
But for the stuffe, we get from Authors forren.
Why, *Guillam*, that same gold thou tak'st in pension,
Which mak's thee loue our Realm more thē your owne
And follow still our English Court, and campe.
Now that it hath our dearest Soueraignes stampe,
Is English coine, though once 'twere *Indian* growne.

Exce

EPIGRAMS.

Except not then 'gainst English wits, I pray,
You that accept so well of English pay.

78 *Of Titus boasting.*

A Kinde companion *Titus* all his daies,
And till his last, a pleasant wit and tongue;
If he had heard a man his owne strength praise,
Would tell what he would doe when he was yong.
And hauing, with oathes, his speeches bound:
Thus would he speak: I would at twelue score prickes,
Haue shot all day an arrow of a pound,
Haue shot the flight full fortie score and fixe,
I would haue ouer-listed all the Gard,
Out-throwne them at the barre, the sledge, the stone,
And he that is in wrestling held most hard,
Would in open plaine haue overthrowne.
Now, say some by, Was *Titus* ere so strong?
Who he? the weakest man a hundred among.
Why tels he then such lyes in serious sort,
What he could do? Nay, sure 'twas true, though sport,
He said not he could doe. That were a fable.
He said, He would haue done, had he beene able.

79 *To Doctor Sherhood, how Sack*

makes one leane.

Marveld much last day, what you did meane,
To say that drinking Sack, will make one leane.

But

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

But now I see, and then mistooke you cleane:
For my good neighbour *Marcus*, who I tro,
Feares fatnesse much, this drinke hath plyde him so,
That now except he leane, he cannot goe.

Ha, gentle Doctor, now I see your meaning,
Sacke will not leaue one leane, 'twill leaue him lea-
(ning)

80. *Of swearing first betweene the wife and
the Husband.*

CIs, by that Candle, in my sleepe, I thought,
One told me of thy body thou wert nought:
Good husband, he that told you, lyde, she sed,
And swearing lajd her hand vpon the bread.
Then eate the bread (quoth he) that I may deeme
That fancie false, that true to me did seeme.

Nay Sir, said she, the matter well to handle,
Sith you swore first, you first must eate the Candle.

81. *To his Wife.*

BEcause I once in verse did hap to call
Thee by this louing name, my dearest *Mall*,
Thou think'st thy selfe assured by the same,
In future ages, I haue giu'n thee fame.
But if thou merit not such name in veritie,
I meane not so to mis-informe posteritie.

For I can thus interpret if I will,
My dearest *Mall*, that is, my costliest ill.

82 To a prattling Epicure.

If thou loue dainty fare at others tables,
Thou must their humor and their houres endure:
Leaue arguments, contouling thwarts and brables.
Such freedome sutes not with an Epicure.

83 Of Don Pedro.

The wise *Vlisses* loathing forraigne Iarres,
Fain'd himselfe mad, to keep him from the wars:
But our *Don Pedro* seekes our Martiall schooles,
Prefers before wise cowards Martiall fooles.
And fearing faining mad will not suffice,
To stay him from the warres, faines himselfe wise.

84 To Master Bastard, taxing him of Flattery.

It was a saying vs'd a great while since,
The subiects euer imitate the Prince,
A vertuous Master, makes a good Disciple,
Religious Prelates breede a godly people.
And euermore the Rulers inclination,
Workes in the time the workes and alteration:
Then what's the reason, *Bastard*, why thy Rimes
Magnifie Magistrates, yet taunt the times?
I thinke that he to taunt the time that spares not,
Would touch the Magistrate, saue that he dares not.

Ouid

85 Ouids confession translated into English for
Generall Norreys. 1593.

TQ liue in Lust I make not my profelssion,
Nor in my Verse, my vices to defend:
But rather by a true and plaine confession,
To make men know my meaning is to mend.
I hate, and am my selfe that most I hate,
I load my selfe, yet strue to be discharged,
Like sterelless ship vnstaid, runnes my estate,
Bound by my selfe, I sue to be enlarged.
No certaine shape, my fancies doth enflame:
A hundred causes kindle my affection,
If sober looke doe show a modest shame,
Straight to those eyes my soule is in subiection.
A wanton looke, no lesse my heart doth pierce,
Because it shoves a pleasant inclination,
If she be coy like *Sabines* sharpe and fierce,
I thinke such coynesse, deepe dissimulation,
If she be leārd, I honour gifts so rare,
If ignorant, I loue a milde simplicitie.
If she doe praise my writings, and compare
Them with the best, in her I take felicitie.
If she dispraise my Verses, and their Maker,
To win her liking, I my loue would lend her. (her
Goes she well grac't? Her gate would make me take
If ill, perhaps to touch a man, would mend her.
Is shee well tun'd in voice, a cunning singer?
To snatch a kisse, euen thus I feele a will.

Playe

Playes she on Lute with sweete and learned finger?
 What heart can hate a hand so full of skill?
 But if she know with heart her armes to moue,
 And dance Carantoës with a comely grace,
 Commit my selfe that quickly fall in loue,
Hippolitus would haue *Priapus* place,
 Like thrancient *Heroyes* I count thee tall,
 Me thinkes they fill a braue roome in the bed:
 Yet comlier sports are found in stature small,
 Thus long and short haue aye my liking bred.
 If she goe plaine, then what a piece were this?
 Were she attyr'd, if braue, I loue her brauery,
 Fayre, nut-browne, fallow, none doth looke amisse,
 My wanton lust is thrald in so great slavery.
 If hayre like Iet, her neck like Iuory couer,
Ledas was blacke, and that was *Ledas* glory.
 With yellow lockes, *Aurora* pleas'd her louer.
 Loe thus my fancie sutes to euer y story:
 The Matron graue, the greene yong girl and pritty,
 I like for age, for manners vnsuspicious,
 In fine, to all in Country, Court and City,
 My loue doth presse to proue it selfe ambitious.

86. A witty speech of Heywood to
 the Queene.

When old Queen *Mary* with much pain & languish,
 Did on death's bed in lingring sicknesse languish:
 Old pleasant *Heywood* came her Grace to visite:
 For mirth so such doth oft more good then Phisicke,
 Whom,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Whom, when the sickly Princeſſe had eſpyde,
Ah, *Heywood*! here they kill me vp, ſhe cryde:
For, being ſmotherd quite with too much heate,
Yet my Phyſicians proue to make me ſweat;
But it doth proue ſo painefull to procure it,
That firſt Ile die before I will endure it.
Heywood, with cheerefull face, but cheereleſſe ſoule,
Thus her bad reſolution did controule,
Sweet Lady, you muſt ſweat, or elſe, I ſweare it,
We ſhall all ſweat for it, if you forbear it.

87 To my wife, from Cheſter.

WHen I from thee, my deere, laſt day departed,
Summond by Honor to this Iriſh action,
Thy tender eyes ſhed teares: but I, hard-harted,
Tooke from thoſe teares a ioy, and ſatisfaction,
Such for her Spouſe (thought I) was *Lucrece* ſadnes,
Whom to his ruine Tyrant *Tarquin* tempted.
So mourned ſhe, whoſe husband feined madnes,
Thereby from Troian warres to ſtand exempted.
Thus then I doe reioyce in that thou greeueſt,
And yet, ſweet ſoule, I loue thee, thou belecueſt.

88 Againſt lying Lynus.

I Wonder *Lynus*, what thy tongue doth ayle,
That though I flatter thee, thou ſtill dooſt raile.

Tho

Thou think'st, I ly, perhaps thou think'st most true:
 et to so gentle lyes, pardon is due.
 lie, wel told to some, tastes ill restoritic;
 efides, we Poets lie by good authoritie,
 But were all lying Poetry, I know it,
 Lynus would quickly proue a passing Poet.

89 *Of lending our Prinny-seales.*

A Friend of mine, to me made mickle mone
 About some moneyes lending in the lone;
 Heaging, that to lend, were little grieft,
 Of repayment men haue firme beleefe.
 But other mens examples make vs dread,
 No speed as some in other times haue sped.
 Or if one faile, who then will care for vs?
 Now I, to comfort them, replied thus,
 While God preserues the Prince, ne're be dismayd.
 But, if she faile, be sure we shall be payd.

90 *In defence of Lent.*

A Vr belly-gods dispraise the Lenton fast,
 And blame the lingring daies, and tedious time;
 And sweare this abstinence too long doth last.
 Those folly I refute in this my rime,
 Ierusalem, nine hundred yeares was fed
 With nought but herbes, and berries of the field;

Iohn

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

John Baptift thirty yeeres his life had led
With Locusts and wild Honey woods did yeeld,
He that the Israelites from Egypt brought,
Where they in flauish thraldome long did dwell,
He home to beau'n the fire Chariot rought;
Yea, Christ himfelfe, that faues vs all from Hell:
Thefe three, as holy Scripture doth repeate,
In forty daies did neither drinke, nor eate.
Why then fhould we againft this Law repine,
That are permitted euery kind of Fifh?
Are not forbid the tastes of coftly Wine,
Are not debard of many a daintie difh:
Both Sugar, Ginger, Pepper, Cloues, and Mace,
And Sinnamon, and Spice of euery kind,
And Reysons, Figs, and Almonds in like cafe,
To pleafe the tafte, and fatisfie the mind:
And yet forfooth, we thinke we fhould be mard,
If we from flefh but forty dayes be bard.

91 *Malum bene positum ne moueat.*

A Iudge, to one well ftudied in the Lawes,
That was too earneft in his Clyents caufe,
Said, Stir't no more; for as the caufe doth finke
Into my fenfe, it feemeth like a flinke.

92 To King Dauid.

THou Princes Prophet, and of Prophets King,
 Growne from poore Pastoralls, and Shepheards
 To change the sheephooke to a Mace of gold, (fold,
 Subduing sword and speare, with staffe and sling :
 Thou that didst quell the Beare and dreadful Lyon,
 With courage vnappald, and actiue lymmes ;
 Thou that didst praise in it, induring Himms
 With Poetry diuine the God of *Syon* ;
 Thou sonne in Law to King & Prince appointed :
 Yet, when that king by wrong did seek thy harme,
 Didst helpe him with thy Harp, and sacred charme :
 And taught, no not to touch the Lords Anointed.
 Thou, thou great Prince, with so rare gifts replenished
 Could'st not eschew blind Buzzard *Cupids* hookes,
 Lapt in the bayt of *Bersabees* sweet lookes :
 With which one fault, thy faultles life was blemished.
 Yet hence we learne a document most ample,
 Our flesh then strongest is, when weak'st our faith.
 And that the finnie forgiuen, the penance staieth ;
 Of Grace and Iustice both a sweet example.
 Let no man then himselfe in sinne imbolden
 By thee, but thy sharpe penance, bitter teares,
 May strike into our harts such godly feares,
 As we may be thereby from sin with-holden.
 Sith we, for ours, no iust excuse can bring,
 Thou hadst one great excuse, thou wert a King.

93 Of Monsters. Tommy Lady
Rogers.

Strange-headed Monsters, Painters haue described
To which the Poets strange parts haue ascribed,
As *Ianus* first two faces had assign'd him,
Of which, one look't before, tother behind him ;
So men, may it be found in many places,
That vnderneath one hood can beare two faces.
Three-headed *Cerberus*, Porter of Hell,
Is faind with *Pluto*, God of wealth to dwell.
So still with greatest States, and men of might,
Dogs dwell, that doe both fawne, and bark, & bite.
Like *Hydras* heads, that multiply with wounds,
Is multitude, that mutinie confounds :
On what seu'n-headed beast the Scrumptet sits,
That weares the scarfe, sore-troubleth many wits,
Whether seu'n sianes be meant, or else seu'n hills,
It is a question fit for higher skills.

But then of these, if you can rightly conster,
A headlesse woman is a greater Monster.

94 Of a pleasant Broker.

A Broker that was hyr'd to sell a Farme,
Whose seat was very sound, fruitful and warme
Thinking to grace the sales man with the tale,
Said thus : Friends, *Marinus* sets this land to sale ;

But thinke not this for debt, or need to sell:
 For as for money he is stor'd so well,
 He hath at all times ready in his chest,
 And some beside, he hath at interest.
 Then were the chapmen earnestly in hand,
 To question of the Title of the land:
 Why should one sell, say they, that lets to vse?
 The Broker driuen to seeke some new excuse,
 Did study first, and smyling, thus replide,
 His Worships beasts, and sheepe, and Hindes there
 Since which, he neuer could the place abide. (dyde;
 Now though in this the foolish Broker lyde,
 Yet the report thereof did so much harme,
 That now, poore *Marins* cannot sell his Farme.

95 To the L. Ro.

TO praise my wife, your daughter (so I gather)
 Your men say, she resemblerb most her father.
 And I no lesse, to praise your sonne, her brother,
 Affirme that he is too much like his mother.
 I know not if we iudge aught, or erre;
 But let him be like you, so I like her.

96 To his wife, in excuse he had call'd her foole
in his writing.

A Man in shew that scornes, in deede enuies
 Thy seruent loue, and seeks the same to coole.

H

Findes

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Findes faulte, that in a Verse I call'd thee Foole :
And that it could be kindly tane, denies.
But thou didst kindly take it, then he lyes.
Well, therefore I wish him a wife most wise,
Noble descended from great *De la Poole*;
Learn'd to set her husband still to schoole,
So faire to draw to her all amorous eyes.
Let flattering tongues protest she doth deserve,
That great Commanders her should sue to serue :
Then let him walke and with *Alecons* lucke,
Amid the Herd, say, *Welcome, fellow Bucke*;
 Meane while, my *Mall*, thinke thou 'tis honorable
 To be my Foole, and I to be thy Bable.

97 *Of the growth of Trees to Sir H. Port.*

AT your rich Orchard, you to me did show,
How swift the Trees were planted there, did
Namely, an Elme, that in no long abode, (grow
Did of a twigge, grow vp to be a load.
But you would quite condemne your trees of floud
Compar'd to our trees admirable growth.
Our planters haue found out such secret skills,
With pipe and barrell-staues, and iron Mills; (line
That Okes, for which none ten yeeres since were w
To giue ten groats, are growne worth thirty shilling
 At which I waxt so wood, I said in rage,
 That thirst of Gold, makes this an Iron age.

EPIGRAMS.

98 *Against promoting Lynus.*

THou, *Linus*, that louest still to be promoting,
 Because I sport, about King *Henries* marriage:
 Think'st this will proue a matter worth the carriage.
 But let it alone, *Lynus*, it is no booting,
 While Princes liue, who speakes, or writes & teaches
 Against their faults, may pay for speech, and writing:
 But being dead, dead men, they say, leaue biting:
 Their eyes are seal'd, their armes haue little reaches.
 Children they are, and fooles that are afeard,
 To pull, and play, with a dead Lyons beard.

99 *The Story of Marcus life at Primero*

Fond *Marcus* euer at *Primero* playes,
 Long winter nights, and as long Summer dayes:
 And I heard once, to idle talke attending,
 The Story of his times, and coines mis-spending.
 As first, he thought himselfe halfe way to heauen,
 In his hand he had but got a seu'n.
 His Fathers death set him so high on flote,
 All rests went vp vpon a seu'n, and coate.
 At while he drawes for these gray coats & gownes,
 The gamesters from his purse drew all his crownes.
 And he ne're ceast to venter all in prime,
 All of his age, quite was consum'd the prime.
 When he more warily, his rest regards,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

And sets with certainties vpon the Cards,
On fixe and thirtie, or on leu'n and nine,
If any set his rest, and saith, and mine:
But seeld with this, he either gaines or saues,
For either *Faustus* prime is with three knaues,
Or *Marcus* neuer can encounter right,
Yet drew two Ases, and for further spight,
Had colour for it with a hopefull draught,
But not encountred, it auail'd him naught.
Well, sith encountring, he so faire doth misse,
He sets not till he nine and fortie is.
And thinking now his rest would sure be doubled,
He lost it by the hand, with which sore troubled,
He ioynes now all his stocke, vnto his stake,
That of his fortune, he full prooffe may make.
At last both eldest hand and fīue and fīfty,
He thinketh now or neuer (thriue vnchristy.)
Now for the greatest rest he hath the push:
But *Crassus* stopt a Club, and so was flush:
And thus what with the stop, and with the packe,
Poore *Marcus*, and his rest goes still to wracke.
Now must he seeke new spoile to set his rest,
For here his seeds turne weeds, his rest, vnrest.
His land, his plate he pawnes, he sels his leases,
To patch, to borrow, and shīft, he neuer ceases.
Till at the last, two Catch-poles him encounter,
And by arrest, they beare him to the Counter.
Now *Marcus* may set vp, all rests securely:
For now he's sure to be encountred surely.

EPIGRAMS.

100 *Lesbias rule of praise.*

Lesbia, whom some thought a lovely creature,
Doth sometimes praise some other womans fea-
Yet this I do obserue, that none she praises, (ture;
Whom worthy fame, by beauties merits praises,
But onely of their seemely parts she tels,
Whom she doth sure beleue, her selfe excels.
So, *Linus* praises *Churchyard* in his censure,
Not *Sydney*, *Daniel*, *Constable*, nor *Spencer*.

101 *Another of Table-talk.*

AMong some Table-talk of little weight,
A friend of mine was askt by one great Lady:
What sonnes he had? My wife (saith he) hath eight;
How fie, said she, 'tis an ill vse as may be.
Would you men would leaue these fond conditions,
Censure on vertuous wiues such wrong suspicions,
Nish, said her Lord, you giue a causelesse blame,
The Gentleman hath wisely spoke, and well:
To reckon all his sonnes perhaps were shame,
His wiues sonnes therefore he doth onely tell.
Behold, how much it stands a man in steede,
To haue a friend answere in time of neede.

102 *Of old Haywoods sonnes.*

OLd *Haywoods* sons did wax so wild & youthfull,
It made their aged father sad and wrathfull.
A friend one day, the elder did admonish
With threats, as did his courage halfe astonish,
How that except he would begin to thrieve,
His Sire of all his goods would him deprive.
For whom, quoth he? Eu'n for your yonger brother
Nay then, said he, no feare, if't be none other.
My brother's worse then I, and till he mends,
I know, my father no such wrong intends,
Sith both are bad, to shew so partiall wrath,
To giue his yonger vnrhrist that hee hath.

The end of the Second Booke.



Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS Epi-
grams, the third Booke.

1 *Tong Haywoods answere to my Lord
of Warwicke.*

ONe neere of kinne to *Heywood* by his birth,
And no lesse neere in name, and most in mirrh,
Was once for his Religions sake committed,
Whose case a Noble Peere so lately pittied:
He sent to know what things with him were scant,
And offered frankely to supply his want.
Thankes to that Lord, said he, that will me good,
For I want all things sauing hay and wood.

2 *To the great Ladies of the Court.*

I Haue beene told, most Noble courtly Dames,
That ye commend some of my Epigrams:
But yet I heare againe, which makes me pensive,
Some of them are, to some of you offensive.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Those that you like, I'll giue, and aske no guerdon,
So that you grant those you mislike, you pardon.

Both are the fruitlesse fruits of idle houres,
These for my pleasure reade, and those for yours.

3 Of a Lady that giues the cheeke.

IS't for a grace, or is't for some disleeke,
Where other kisse with lip, you giue the cheeke?
Some note that for a pride in your behauiour:
But I should rather take it for a fauour.
For I to show my kindnesse, and my loue,
Would leaue both lip and cheeck, to kisse your Gloue.
Now with the cause, to make you plain acquainted,
Your gloue's perfum'd, your lip & cheeck are painted.

4 Of Balbus a Poet.

BAlbus of Writers reck'ning vp a Rable,
Thinks their names are by him made honorable:
And not vouchsafing me to name at all,
He thinkes that he hath greeu'd me to the gall.
I galled? Simple foole! nor yet gulled,
To thinke I may thee pray for such a dull head.
Those that are guilty of defect, and blame,
Doe neede such testimonials of their fame.

Learne then, vntaught, learn then you enuious elues.
Books are not praised, that do not praise themselves.

5 To Leda.

IN Verse, for want of Rime, I know not how,
I cald our Bathes the pilgrimage of Saints,
You *Leda* much the praise do disallow,
And thinke this touch your pure Religion taints.
Good *Leda*, be not angry, for God knowes,
Though I did write of Saints, I meant of shrowes.

6 To Sextus, an ill Reader.

THat Epigram that last you did rehearse,
Was sharpe, and in the making, neat and tearse,
But thou doost read so harsh, point so peruerse,
It seemed now neither witty nor verse.
For shame poynt better, and pronounce it cleerer,
Or be no Reader, *Sextus*, be a Hearer.

7 Of Bathes cure upon Marcus.

THe fame of *Bathe* is great, and still endures,
That oft it worketh admirable cures.
The barren by their vertue haue conceiu'd,
The weake and sick, haue health & strength receiu'd:
And many Cripples that came thither carried,
Go sound fro thence, when they a while haue carried.
But yet one cure on *Marcus* lately showne,
My Muse doth thinke most worthy to be known;

For

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

For, while he bathes with Gascoyne wines & Spanish,
Thereby old aches from his lymmes to banish,
Hunts after youthfull company, entycing
Them to the sports of bowling, carding, dycing:
His wantonnesse breeds want, his want enforces
Marcus, by one and one sell all his horses.

Lo, how the Bathe hath searcht his sicknes roote,
He can, nay more, he must goe thence afoote.

*8 of a Lady that sought remedy at
the Bathe.*

A Lady that none name, nor blame none hath,
Came the last yeere with others to the Bathe:
Her person comely was, good was her feature,
In beauty, grace and speech, a louely creature.
Now as the Lady in the water staid,
A plaine man fell a talking with her maid,
That lean'd vpon the rayle, and askt the reason,
Why that faire Lady vs'd the Bathe, that season?
Whether 'twere lamenesse, or defect in hearing,
Or some more inward euill, not appearing?
No, said the Maid to him, belecue it well,
That my faire Mistris sound is as a Bell.
But of her comming, this is true occasion,
An old Physician mou'd her by perswasion,
These Bathes haue power to strengthen that debility,
That doth in man or woman breed sterilitie.

Tush,

Tush, said the man, with plaine & short discourse,
 Your Mistris might haue tane a better course.
 Let her to Oxford, to the Vniuersitie,
 Where yong Phisicians are, and such diuersitie
 Of toward spirits that in all acts proceede,
 Much fitter then the Bache is for the deede.
 No, no, that will not serue, the Maid replide,
 For her, that Physike hath already tride.

9 To Sir Morris Barkly.

YOur father gaue me once a Dormant warrant :
 But sending at Saint *James* tide to the keeper,
 My men came backe as from a sleeuelesse Arrant,
 And in a boxe, I laid my warrant sleeper.
 you Noble Sir, that are his heyre apparant,
 Will giue henceforth, I hope, a waking Warrant.

10 Of Faustus the Fault-finder.

O Fall my Verses, *Faustus* still complaines,
 I writ them carelesly: and why forsooth?
 Because, he saith, they goe so plaine and smooth,
 It shoues that I for them ne're beat my braines.
 I, that mens errors neuer loue to sooth,
 Said, they that say so, may be thought but noddies.
 For sample marke, said I, your Mistris bodies,
 That fit so square, and smooth down to her raines.
 That

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

That, that fine waste, that wealth and wit both waste
Thinke you her Taylor wrought it vp in haste?

No: aske him, and heele say he tooke more paines
Then with old *Ellens* double-welked frock,
That fits like an old felt on a new block,

Who cannot write, ill iudge of Writers vaines.

The worke of Taylers hands, and Writers wits,
Was hardest wrought, when as it smoothest fits.

11 *Of an ill Physician for the body, that became
a worse Surgeon for the
soule.*

A Certaine Mountebanke, or paltry Leach,
Finding his Physick furdred not his thrife,
Thought with himselfe to find some further drift.
And though the skill were farre aboue his reach,
He needs would proue a Priest, and falls to preach.
But patching Sermons with a sorry shift,
As needs they must that ere they learne will teach:
At last, some foes so neerely doe him sift,
And of such words and deeds did him appeach,
As from his Liuing quite they did him lift,
And of the Patron straight they begd the gift:
And so the Mountebanke did over-reach.
Who when he found he was pursu'd so swift,
Gaue place vnto so sharpe and fierce a breach:
Shutting vp all with this shrewd muttering speach,
Well, though, said he, my Liuing I haue lost,

ETIGRAMS.

Yet many a good mans life this losse shall cost.
 A stander by, that would be thought officious,
 Straight, as an heynous matter of complaint,
 Doth with his speech the Iustices acquaint:
 Alleaging, as it seem'd, indeed suspicious,
 That to the State his meaning was pernicious.
 The Leech thus touched with so shrewd a Taint,
 Yet in his looke nor answer did, nor faint;
 Protesting, that his mind was not malicious.
 But if the course that he must take be vicious,
 He flat affirmed it was curst constraint:
 For, of my Living having lost possession,
 Must, said he, turne to my first profession;
 In which, I know too well, for want of skill,
 My Medicines will many a man kill.

12 Of Sir Philip Sydney.

If that be true the latter Prouerbe sayes,
Laudari à laudatis is most praise;
 Sydney, thy works in *Fames* bookes are enrold,
 By Princes penne, that haue thy works extold,
 Whereby thy name shall dure to endlesse dayes.
 But now, if rules of contrary should hold,
 Then I, poore I, were drown'd in deepe dispraise,
 Whose works base Writers haue so much defaced;
 That *Lynus* dares pronounce them all defaced.

13 *Of impudent Lynus.*

NOr any learning, *Lynus*, no, God knowes,
But thy brute boldnes made some to suppose,
That thou might'st haue been bred in *Brazen-nose*.
A murren on thy pate, 'twould doe thee grace,
So were thine head so arm'd in euery place,
A Steele scull, Copper nose, and Brazen face.

14 *Against an vntbrisy Lynus.*

MAny men maruaile *Lynus* doth not thriue,
That had more trades then any man aliue ;
As first, a Broker, then a Petty-fogger,
A Traueller, a Gamster, and a Cogger,
A Coyner, a Promoter, and a Bawde,
A Spy, a Practicer in euery fraude :
And missing thrift by these lewd trades and sinister,
He takes the best, yet proues the worst, a Minister.

15 *Of Faustus.*

I Find in *Faustus* such an alteration,
He giues to *Paulus* wondrous commendation :
Is *Paulus* late to him waxt friendly ? No.
But sure, poore *Faustus* faine would haue it so.

EPIGRAMS.

16 *Of a deuout Usurer.*

A Merchant, hearing that great Preacher, SMITH,
Preach against Vlury, that art of byting,
The Sermon done, embrac'd the man forth-with,
Vnto his bord most friendly him inuiting.
A friend of his, hoping some sweet asperſion
Of grace would moue him to some reſtitution,
Wiſt him, in token of his full Conuerſion,
Release ſome Debtors, held in Execution.
Foole, ſaid he, thinke you Ile leaue my trade?
No: but I thinke this Preacher learn'd and painefull,
Be cauſe the more from it he doth perſwade,
Tis like to proue to me more ſweet and gainefull.
Was euer Iew of Malta, or of Millain,
Then this moſt damned Iew, more Iewiſh villain?

17 *Of a reformed Brother.*

IN ſtudying Scriptures, hearing Sermons oft,
Thy mind is growne ſo plyable and ſoft,
That though none can attaine to true perfection,
Thy works come neere the words of their direction.
Thy counſell oft to faſt, and euer pray,
Thou loueſt oft to feaſt, and euer play:
Hackcloth and Cinders they aduiſe to uſe,
Hack, Cloues, and Sugar, thou wouldeſt haue to chuſe:
They wiſh our works, and life, ſhould ſhine like light,
Thy

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Thy workes and all thy life is passing light,
They bid vs follow still the Apostles lore,
Apostata's thou follow'st euermore.
They bid refresh the poore with Almes-deedes,
Thou rauish dost the poore with all misdeedes.
They promist ioyes eternall neuer waisting,
You merit noyes infernall euermlasting.

18 Of Sheepes turned Wolues.

VHen hearts obdurate make of sin an habite
High frowning *Nemesis* was wont to send
Beares, Lions, Wolues, and Serpents, to this end,
To spoyle the coasts whereso good folke inhabite.
Now since this age, in habite and in act,
Excels the finnes of euery former age,
No maruaile *Nemesis* in her iust rage,
Doth like, or greater punishment exact.
And for this cause, a cruell beast is sent,
Not only that deuoures and spoyles the people,
But spares no houle, nor village, Church nor Steepe
And makes poore widdowes mourne, Orphanes lame
You muse (perhaps) what beasts they be that keep
Such beastly rule as feld was seene before!
Tis neither Beare, nor Lyon, Bull, nor Bore:
But Beasts, then al these beasts, more harmeful shew
Loe then, the mystery from whence the name
Of Cotfold Lyons first to England came.

19 *Of Lynus, borrowing.*

When Lynus meets me, after salutations,
Courtesies, and complements, and gratulations,
He presseth me, euen to the third denall,
To lend him twenty shillings, or a royall,
But of his purpose, of his curles saying,
He goes behind my backe, cursing and rayling,
Foolle, thy kind speeches cost thee a penny,
And more foolle I, if they should cost me any.

20 *Of one Master Carelesse.*

Where dwels Mr. Carelesse? letters haue no dwelling.
Where lies he? in his tongue by most men telling.
Where bords he? there where feasts are sou'd by smell.
Where bites he? all behind, with all men yelling.
Where bides the man? oh fir, I mist your spelling.
Now I will read, yet well I doe not wote,
But if that I to him shall point his lot,
In Shot-ouer, at Dogs-head in the pot,
For in that signe his head oft ouer-shot.

21 *Against Momus, in praise of his
dogge Bungey.*

Because a witty Writer of this time,
Doth make some mention in a pleasant time,

Sir JOHN HARRINGTONS

Of *Lepidus* and of his famous dogge,
 Thou *Momus*, that dost loue to scoffe and cogge,
 Prat'st amongst base companions and giue'st out,
 That vnto me herein, is meant a flout,
 Hate makes thee blinde, *Momus*, I dare be sworne,
 He meant to me his loue, to thee his scorne,
 Put on thy enuious spectacles and see,
 Whom doth he scorne therein, the dogge or mee:
 The Dogge is graet, compared with great Bankes,
 Both beasts right famous, for their pretty pranks,
 Although in this, I graue, the dogge was worse,
 He onely fed my pleasure, not my purse:
 Yet that same Dogge, I may say this and boast it,
 He found my purse with gold when I haue lost it.
 Now for my selfe, some fooles like thee may iudge,
 That at the name of *Lepidus* I grudge,
 No sure: so farre I thinke it from disgrace,
 I wisht it cleare to me and to my race:
Lepus or *Lepos*, I in both haue part,
 That in my name I beare, this in mine heart.
 But, *Momus*, I perswade my selfe that no man,
 Will deigne thee such a name, English or Roman,
 Ile wage a But of Sack, the best in Bristo,
 Who calles me *Lepid*, I will call him *Triste*.

22 Of *Faustus*.

NOW *Faustus* saith, long Epigrams are dull.
 Lowt, Larks are lothsom whē ones panch is full

Yet whom the short doe please, the long not wea-
I wish them neuer weary, euer merry. (ry.

23 *Off summum bonum.*

WHile I of *summum bonum* was disputing,
Propounding some positioes, som confuting,
Old *Sextus* sayes that we were all deluded,
And that not one of vs aright concluded.
Knowledge, sayth he, is only true felicity,
Straightwayes a stranger askt me in simplicity,
Sextus learned? no quoth I, by this light,
Then without light, how iudgerh he so right?
He doth but ayme, as poore men vallew wealth,
The feeble value strength, the sicke man health.

24 *To Mall, to comfort her for the losse of
her Children.*

When at the window thou thy Doves art feeding,
Then thinke I shortly my Dove will be breeding,
He will loue like, and so my liking like thee,
I to doves in many things can like thee,
Both of you loue your lodgings dry and warme,
Both of you doe your neighbours little harme,
Both loue to feede vpon the firmest graine,
Both for your linings take but little paine,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Both murmur kindly, both are often billing,
Yet both to *your* sports will seeme vnwilling;
Both doe delight to looke your selues in Glasses,
You both loue your own houses as it passes;
Both fruitfull are, but yet the Dove is wiser,
For, though she haue no friend that can aduise her,
She, patiently can take her young ones losse,
Thou, too impatiently doost beare such crosse.

25 Of the excuse of Symony.

Clerus, I heare, doth some excuse alledge
Of his, and other fellowes sacriledge:
As namely, that to some, against their wills,
That men are bound to take the lesse of ill;
That they had rather, no man need to doubt,
Take Liuing whole, then such as his without:
And therefore we must lay this haynous crime,
Not vnto them forsooth, but to the time.
Alas! a fault confest, were halfe amended,
But sinne is doubled that is thus defended.

I know, a right wise man sings and beleeueth,
Where no Receiuers are, there be no Thecues.

26 In commendation of Master Lewkeners first description of Venice. Dedicated to Lady Warwick. 1595.

O, here's describ'd, though but in little roome,
L Faire Venice, like a Spouse in Neptune's armes;
For freedome, emulous to ancient Rome,
Famous for counsell much, and much for Armes;
Whose stories earst written with Tuscan quill,
Lay to our English wits, as halfe conceal'd;
Till *Lewkeners* learned trauaile and his skill,
In well grac'd stile and phrase hath it reueald.
Venice, be proud, that thus augments thy fame;
England, be kind, enrich with such a Booke,
Both giue due honor to that noble Dame,
For whom this taske the Writer vnder-tooke.

27 Of one that gave a Benefice.

A Squire of good account, affirm'd he went,
A learned man a Living to present;
But yet that Squire, in this did breake no square,
He purposed thereof to keepe a share;
To set two sonnes to schoole, to make them Clerks,
He doth reserve each yeere an hundred markes.
Ah, said the Priest, this card is too too cooling,
I set your sonnes; nay, they set me to schooling.

28 Of Faustus fishing.

WItch siluer hooke *Faustus* for flesh was fishing,
But that game byting not vnto his wishing,
He said, he did (being thus shrewdly matcht)
Fish for a Roach, but had a Gudgeon catcher.
Faustus, it seemes thy luck therein was great,
For sure the Gudgeon is the better meat.

Now bayt againe, that game is set so sharpe,
That to that Gudgeon, thou mayst catch a Carpe.

29 To his friend. Of his Booke of Ajax.

YOu muse to find in me such alteration,
That I, that maydenly to write was wont,
Would now set to a Booke so desperate front,
As I might scant defend by incitation.
My Muse that time did need a strong Purgation,
Late hauing tane some bruse by lewd reports;
And whē the Physick wrought, you know the fashion
Whereto a man in such a case resorts:

And so my Muse, with good *decorum* spent
On that base titled Booke, her excrement.

30 Of a Seller of Time.

WHen of your Lordship I a Lease renew'd,
You promis'd me before we did conclud

EPIGRAMS.

To giue me time, namely, twice twelue months day,
For such a Fine as I agreed to pay.

I bade a hundred pound, 'twas worth no more,
Your Lordship set it higher by a score.

Now, since I haue by computation found,
That two yeeres day cost me this twenty pound.

Sir, pardon me, to be thus plainly told it, (it,
Your Lordship gaue not two yeeres day, you sold

31 *Of the Earle of Essex.*

Great Essex, now of late incurred hath

His Mistres indignation and her wrath;

And that in him she chiefly dissalouth,

He sent him North, he bent him to the South:

Then what shall Essex do? Let him henceforth,

Bend all his wits, his power and courage North.

32 *Of himselfe.*

Because in this my selfe-contenting vaine,

To write so many Toyes I borrow leasure,

Friends sorrow, fearing I take too much paine,

Does enuy, swearing, I take too much pleasure,

I smile at both, and wish, to ease their griefes,

That each with other would but change reliefes.

To

30 To Doctor Sherwood, of Baile.

BEcause among some other idle glances,
I, of the Bathes say sometimes as it chanceth,
That this an bely place is in this age,
To which faire Ladies come in pilgrimage,
You feare such wanton gleeke, and ill report,
May stop great States that thither would resort.
No, neuer feare it, pray but for faire weather:
Such speech as this, will bring them faster thither.

31 Of Marcus courtesie.

When I some little purchase haue in hand,
Straight *Marcus* kindly offers me his band,
I tell him, and he takes it in great snuffe,
His is a Falling Band, I weare a Ruffe.
But if you maruaile I his helpe refuse,
And meane herein some meaner mans to vse:
The cause is this, I meane, within a weeke,
That he of me like courtesie will seeke.

32 Of one that had a blacke head, and
a gray Beard.

THough many search, yet few the cause can finde
Why thy beard gray, thy head continues blacke

Some

Some thinke thy Beard more subiect to the winde,
Some thinke that thou dost vse that new-found knack,
Excusable to such as haire doe lacke:
A quaint Gregorian to thy head to binde,
Some thinke that with a combe of drossie Lead,
Thy silver locks doe turne to colour darke:
Some thinke 'tis but the nature of thy head:
But we thinke most of these haue mist the marke.

For this thinke we, that thinke we thinke aright,
Thy beard and yeeres are gratie, thy head is light.

33. *Against an old Lecher.*

Since thy third carriage of the French infection,
Priapus hath in thee found no erection:
Let earst thou Ringoes, and Potato Rootes,
And Caueare, but it little bootes.
Besides the beds-head a bottle lately found,
Of liquor that a quart cost twenty pound:
For shame, if not more grace, yet shew more wit,
Surcease, now sinne leaues thee, to follow it.
Some smile, I sigh, to see thy madnesse such,
That that withstands not, stands thee in so much.

34. *To his wifes Mother, reproofing her*

vnconstancie.

Aft yeere while at your house I hapt to tarry,
Of all your goods, you tooke an Inuentory:

Your

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Your Tapistry, your linnen, bedding, plate,
Your sheepe, your horse, your cattle you did rate:
And yet one moueable you did forget,
More moueable then this, therein to set. (able
Your wauering minde, I meane, which is so moue-
That you for it, haue euer beene reprocable.

35 *Of a Cuckold that had a chaste Wife.*

When those Triumvers set that three mans song,
Which stablished in Rome a hellish Trinity,
That all the towne, and all the world did wrong,
Killing their friends, and kinne of their affinity,
By tripartite Indenture, parting Rome,
As if the world for them had wanted roome,
Plotyna wife of one of that same hundred,
Whom *Anthony* prescrib'd to lose their life,
For beauty much, for loue to be more wondred,
Surd for his Spouse, and told she was his wife:
The Tyrant pleasant to see so faire a suter,
Doth kisse her, and imbrace her, and salute her,
Then makes, nay mocks, a loue too kinde, too cruell
She must, to saue her husband from proscription,
Grant him one night, her husbands chiefeest Iewell:
And what he meant, he shewd by lewd description:
Vowing, except he might his pleasure haue,
No meanes would serue, her husbands life to saue.
Oh motion! louing thoughts, no thoughts, but thorn
Either he dies, whom she esteemes most dearly:

Or she her selfe subiect to thousand scornes,
 Both feares doe touch a Noble Matron neerely.
 Loe, yet an act, performed by this woman,
 Worthy a woman, worthy more a Roman:
 To show more then her selfe she lou'd her Spouse,
 She yeelds her body to this execution.
 Come, Tyrant, come, performe thy damned vowes,
 Her single heart hath doubled thy pollution.
 Thou pollute her? No, foole, thou art beguiled:
 She in thy filthy lap lies vndefiled.
 Honour of Matrons, of all wiues a mirror!
 Ile sweare with thee, thy husband weares no hotne:
 Or if this act, conuince mine oath of error,
 Twas a most precious one, an Vnicorne.
 If ought I know by hearing or by reading,
 This act *Lucretias* deed is farre exceeding.

36 *Of the Lady that looks well to
 her borders.*

A Lady of great Birth, great reputation,
 Clothed in seemely, & most sumptuous fashion:
 Wearing a border of rich Pearle and stone,
 Esteemed at a thousand crownes alone,
 To see a certaine Interlude, repaires,
 Through a great prease, vp a darke paire of staires,
 Her Page did beare a Torch that burne but dimly,
 Two cozening mates, seeing her deckt so trimly,
 Did place themselves vpon the staires to watch her,
 And

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

And thus they laid their plot to cunny-catch her:
One should as 'twere by chance strike out the light,
While th'other that should stand beneath her, might
Attempt, (which modestie to suffer lothes)
Rudely to thrust his hands vnder her clothes.
That while her hands repeld such grosse disorders,
His mate might quickly slip away the borders.
Now though this act to her was most displeasing,
Yet being wise (as womens wits are present :)
Straight on her borders both her hands she cast,
And with all her force she held them fast.
Villaines, she cryde, you would my borders haue:
But I'll saue them tother it selfe can saue:
Thus, while the Page had got more store of light,
The coozening mates, for feare slipt out of sight.
Thus her good wit, their cunning ouer-matcht.
Were not these conycatchers conycatcht?

37. *The Hermaphrodite.*

WHen first my mother bore me in her wombe,
She went to make inquirie of the gods,
First of my birth, and after of my tombe.
All answerd true, yet all their words had odds.
Phœbus affirm'd, a Male childe should be borne:
Mars said it would be female, *Iuno* neither:
But I came forth, alas, to natures scorne,
Hermaphrodite, as much as both together.
Then for my death, *Iuno* foretold the sword:

Phœbus

Phæbus assign'd me drowning for my fate:
Mars threatned hanging, each perform'd their word,
 As note how well pron'd true in severall rate.
 A Tree fast by a brooke I needs would clime,
 My sword slipt out, and while no heede I tooke,
 My side fell on the point, and at that same time,
 My foote in boughs, my head hang'd in the brooke:
 That I thus byrne a Male, a Female neither,
 Dyde drown'd, & hang'd, & wounded all together.

38. *Of a sickness growne with a Tobacco pipe.*

VNto a gentle Gentlewomans chamber,
 Her Pedler came, her husband being thence,
 To sell fine linnen, Lawnes and Muske and Amber,
 He franke of favours, sparing of expence,
 To bargain'd with her, ere he parted thence,
 That for ten Ells of Holland, five of Lawne,
 To grant dishonest pleasures, she was drawne,
 Next day the man repenting of his cost,
 Did studie meanes to get him resolution:
 Or to be paid for that he there had lost,
 And thus he puts his thought in execution:
 He turnes to her, with settled resolution,
 And in her husbands presence vnawares,
 He asketh fifty shillings for his wares.
 Her husband ignorant what cause had bred it,
 His wife, said he, had you so spent your store,
 You must with petty chapmen runne on credit?

Now

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Now for my Honors sake, doe so no more;
No Sir (quoth she) I meant it to restore.

I tooke it of him onely for a tryall,
And finde it too high prised for a Royall.

Thus neuer changing countenance, she doth rise;
With outward silence, inward anger choking;

And going to her closet, she espies
Tobacco in a pype, yet newly smoking.

She takes the pype, her malice her prouoking,
And laps it in his linnen, comming backe;

And so the Pedler put it in his packe,
And packes away, and loyes that with his wyle;

He had regayn'd the stuffe, yet gayn'd his pleasure.
But hauing walked scarcely halfe a mile,

His packe did smoke, and smell so out of measure;
That opening it vnto his great displeasure,

He found by that *Tobacco* pype too late,
The fiery force of feeble female hate.

And seeking then some remedy by lawes,
Vnto a neighbour Iustice he complaines;

But when the Iustice vnderstood the cause,
In her examination taking paines,

And found 'twas but a fetch of womens braines:
The cause dismiss, he bids the man beware,

To deale with women that could burne his ware.

39 *A good answer of a Gentlewoman
to a Lawyer.*

A Vertuous Dame, that saw a Lawyer come
Abroad, reprov'd his stay so long from home,
And said to him, that in his absence thence,
His wife might want her due beneuolence,
But he straight quit himselfe of such disgrace,
Answer'd it thus, with putting off a case.
One owes one hundred pounds, now tell me whether
Is best? To haue his payment all together:
Or take it by a shilling, and a shilling,
Whereby the bagge should be the longer filling?
He said the Dame, I grant 'twere little losse,
None receiu'd such payments all in grosse.
Yet in your absence this may breede your sorrow,
To heare your wife for want might twelue pence
(borrow.)

40 *Of one that tooke thought for his wife.*

NO sooner *Cynnas* wife was dead and buried,
But that with mourning much and sorrows wed-
Maid, a seruant of his wiues, he wedded, (ried,
And after hee had boorded her, and bedded.
And in her Mistris room had fully plast her,
His wiues old seruant waxed his new master.

41 Sir Iohn Banynsfordes choyce
of a man. 401

RAnsford, whose acts were many times outragious:
Had speciall care, to haue his men couragious:
A certaine friend of his one day began,
Vnto his seruice to commend a man,
One well approued, he said, in many iartes,
Whereof in head armes, hands, remain'd the skarres,
The Knight the man, his market and manners view'd
And flat refusing him, did thus conclude:

This is no man for me, but I suppose,
He is a tall fellow that gaue him all these blowes

42 Of Linus and his Mistress.

Chafte *Linus*, but as valiant as a Gander,
Came to me yet, in friendly sort as may be:
Lamenting that I rais'd on him a slander,
Namely, that he should keepe a gallant Lady:
Begge me (said I) if I prove such a babie,
To let my tongue, so false and idly wander.
Who sayes that you keepe her, lyes in her throat,
But shee keeps you, that all the world may note.

43 *In praise of a Lady and her Musike.*

Vpon an Instrument of pleasing sound
A Lady playd More pleasing to the sight.
being askt in which of these I found
greatest content, my senses to delight?
Rauishd in both at once, as much as may be,
Said, Sweet was Musike, sweeter was the Lady.

44 *Of Riding-rimes.*

Aire *Leda* reads our Poetry sometimes,
But saith she cannot like our Ryding-rimes;
firming that the Cadens falleth sweeter,
Then as the Verse is plac'd between the Meeter.
Well, *Leda*, leaue henceforth this quarrel-piking,
And sith that one between is to your liking,
You shall haue one betweene; yet some suppose,
Leda hath lou'd both Riding-rime, and Prose.

45 *Of deuout Parents and children.*

Husband and a wfe oft disagreeing,
And either weary of th'other, being
choller great, either deuoutly prayes
God, that he will shorten th'others dayes:
But more deuout then both, their sonne and heire
Praises God that he will grant thē both their pray'r.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

- 46 *In commendation of two valiant Scottisb Knights, that defended their King from the Earle Gowry: Sir Thomas Erskin, Sir Iohn Ramsey.*

THe Persian Monarch, who by faithfull spyall
Was safe preseru'd frō slaues intended slaughter,
By him whose Cousin and adopted daughter
Vnwares he did endow with scepter royall;
When reading in his bed a good while after,
He found in true records that seruice loyall,
Then with most gratefull mind to make requitall,
And to increase *Mardaches* great renowne,
Vpon his head (such was their vse that season)
He caused to be set his royall Crowne.

But greater should be your reward in reason;
He but reueal'd, but you reueng'd a Treason.

- 47 *In prayse of the Countesse of Darby, married to the Lord Chanceller.*

THis noble Countesse liued many yeeres
With Darby, one of Englands greatest Peeres;
Fruitfull and faire, and of so cleare a name,
That all this Region marueld at her fame.
But this braue Peere, extinct by hastned Fate,
She stayd (ah too too long) in widlowes state:

EPIGRAMS.

And in that state, tooke so sweet State vpon her,
 All eares, eyes, tongues, heard, saw, & told her honor:
 Yet finding this a saying full of veritie,
 'Tis hard to haue a Patent of prosperitie,
 Shee found her wisest way and safe to deale,
 Was to consort with him that keepes the Seale.

48 Of Cosmus, that will keepe a good house hereafter.

OLd Cosmus to his friends thus out doth giue,
 After awhile, he like a Lord will liue.
 After awhile, hele end all troublous soires,
 After awhile, retaine some men of qualitie,
 After awhile, of riches reape the fruits,
 After awhile, keepe house in some formality,
 After awhile, finish his beautionous building,
 After awhile, leaue off his busie buying,
 Yet all the while he liues but like a bilding,
 His head growes gray with fresh vexations toyling.
 Well, Cosmus, I beleeeue your heire doth smile,
 To thinke what you will doe after awhile:
 For sure, the Prouerbe is more true then ciuill,
 Blest is the sonne whose Sire goes to the Diuell.

49 Of neate Galla.

He pride of Galla now is growne so great,
 She seekes to be surnam'd Galla the neate,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

But who their merits shall, and manners scan,
May thinke the terme is due to her good man.
Ask you, Which way? Methinks your wits are dull:
My Shoornakes resolute you can at full,
Neats Leather is both Oxe-hide, Cow, and Bull.

50 *Of reuerysing an error.*

I Did you wrong, at least you did suppose,
For taxing certaine faults of yours in Prose:
But now I haue the same in Ryme reherst,
My error, nay your error is reuerst.

51 *Of good Sauce.*

I Went to suppe with *Cinna* tother night,
And to say true (for giue the diuell his right)
Though scant of meat we could a morsell get,
Yet there with store of passing sauce we met.
You aske what sauce, where pittance was so small?
This, Is not hunger the best sauce of all?

52 *Of a slander.*

O *N Lesbya*, *Lynus* raysted had a slander,
For which whē as she thought to take an action.
Yet

EPIGRAMS.

Yet by request she tooke this satisfaction,
That being drunke, his tongue did idly wander:
Came this from *Videris utilitas*?
Or else from this, *In Vino veritas*?

53 *Of a Lady early vp.*

L *Esbya*, that wonted was to sleepe till noone,
This other morning stirring was at five:
What did she meane, thinke you, to rise so soone?
I doubt we shall not haue her long aliue.
Yes: neuer feare it; there is no such danger,
It seemes vnto her course you be a stranger:
For why, a dauncing, banquetting, and play,
And at Carowing many a costly cup,
She sate the night before, vntill twas day,
And by that meane, you found her early vp.
Oh, was it so? why then the case is cleere,
That she was early vp, and ne're the neere.

The end of the third Booke.

Si

Si

T

V

VO
W
e
lon
ake



Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS Epi-
grams, the fourth Booke.

(. . .)

1 *To an ill Reader.*

THe verses, *Sextus*, thou doost read, are mine ;
But with bad reading thou wilt make the thine.

2 *In lectorem inuidum.*

WHo reades our verse, with visage fowre and
I wish him enuy me, none enuy him. (grim.

3 *Of Table friends.*

You thinke his faith is firme, his friendship stable,
Whose first acquaintance grew but at your Tables
He loues your venison, snytes, quailles, larks, not you ;
Take me such fare, and take my friendship too.

4. *The Anthour to his wife, of partition.*

SOME Ladies with their Lords diuide their state,
And liue so when they list, at Teuerall rate;
But I'll endure thee, *Mall*, on no condition,
To sue with me a writ of such partition.
Twice seuen yeeres since, most solemnly I vow'd,
With all my worldly goods I thee endow'd,
Then house, plate, stuffe, not part, but all is thine:
Yet so, that thou, and they, and all are mine.
Then let me goe, and sue my writ of dorage,
If I with thee part house, or close, or cottage.
For, where this is my Lords, and that my Ladies,
There some, perhaps, think likewise of their babies

5. *Of Treason.*

TReason doth neuer prosper, what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.

6. *Of the warres in Ireland.*

I Prays'd the speech, but cannot now abide it,
That war is sweet, to those that haue not try'd it:
For I haue prou'd it now, and plainly see't,
It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet.

At home Canarie wines and Greeke grow lothsome:
 Here milke is Nectar, water tasteth toothsome.
 There without bak't, rost, boyld, it is no cheere.
 Bisket we like, and Bonny Clabo heere.
 There we complaine of one reare rosted chicke,
 Heere viler meat, worse cookt, nere makes me sicke.
 At home in silken sparucers, beds of Downe,
 We scant can rest, but still toss vp and downe:
 Heere I can sleepe, a saddle to my pillow,
 A hedge the Curtaine, Canopy a Willow.
 There if a child but cry, oh what a spite!
 Heere we can brooke three larums in one night.
 There homely roomes must be perfum'd with Roses:
 Here match and powder nere offends our noses.
 There from a storme of raine we run like Pullets:
 Heere we stand fast against a showre of bullets.
 Lo then how greatly their opinions erre,
 That thinke there is no great delight in warre:
 But yet for this (sweet warre) Ile be thy debter,
 I shall for euer loue my home the better.

7 *Of Women learned in the tongues.*

YOU wisht me to a wife, faire, rich and young,
 That had the Latine, French and Spanish tongue.
 I thank't, and told you I desir'd none such,
 And said, One Language may be tongue too much.
 Then loue I not the learned? yes as my life;
 A learned mistris, not a learned wife.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

8 The Author to his wife, of the twelue Signes, how they gouerne.

MArke here (my *Mall*) how in this dozen lines,
Thus placed are the twelue celestiaall Signes;
And first, the *Ram* beares rule in head and face,
The stiffe-neckt *Bull* in neck doth hold his place,
And *Twins* mine armes and hands do both imbrace,
Then *Cancer* keeps the small ribs and the brest,
And *Leo* back and heart hath aye possessest,
Then *Virgo* claimes the entrailes and the panch,
Libra the nauell, reynes, and either hanch.
Scorpio pretends power in the priuy parts,
Both thighes are pierst with *Sagitarie*s darts.
Then *Capricorne* to knees his force doth send,
Aquarius doth to legges his vertue lend.
Pisces beneath vnto the feet dissend.
Thus each part is possessest; now tell me, *Mall*,
Where lies thy part? in which of these? In all,
• In all? content. Yet sure thou art more iealous
Of *Leo*'s part and *Scorpio*'s, then their fellowes.

9 Against Swearing.

IN elder times an ancient custome was,
To sweare in weighty matters by the Masse.
But when the Masse went downe (as old men note)
They sware then by the crosse of this same grote.

And

EPIGRAMS.

And when the Crosse was likewise held in scorne,
Then by their faith, the common oath was sworne.
Last, hauing sworne away all faith and troth,
Only God dam'n them is their common oath.
Thus custome kept *decorum* by gradation, (tion.
That losing Masse, Crosse, Faith, they find damna-

10 of little pitie.

WHen noble *Essex*; *Blount* and *Danvers* died,
One saw them suffer, that had heard them tried:
And sighing, said; When such braue souldiers dye,
Is't not great pitie, thinke you? No, said I:
There is no man of sense in all the citie,
Will say, 'Tis great, but rather little pitie.

11 Of a Booke called the Gentle Craft.

I Past this other day through *Pauls Church-yard*,
I And heard some reade a booke, and reading laught,
The title of the booke was Gentle Craft.
But when I markt the matter with regard,
A new-sprung branch that in my minde did graft,
And thus I said, Sirs, scorne not him that writ it:
A gilded blade hath oft a dudgeon haft,
And well I see, this writer roues a shaft
Neere fairest marke, yet happily not hit it.
For neuer was the like booke sold in Poules,
If so with Gentle Craft it could perswade

Great

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Great Princes midst their pompe to learne a trade
Once in their liues to worke, to mend their soules

12 *Of the games that haue beene in request
at the Court.*

I Heard one make a pretty Obseruation, (fashion
How games haue in the Court turn'd with the
The first game was the best, when free from crime,
The Courtly gamesters all were in their prime:
The second game was Post, vntill with posting
They paid so fast, 'twas time to leaue their boasting.
Then thirdly follow'd heauing of the Maw,
A game without Ciuility or Law,
An odious play, and yet in Court oft scene,
A sawcy knaue to trumpe both King and Queene,
Then follow'd Lodam, hand to hand or quarter,
At which some maids so ill did keep the Quarter,
That vnexpected, in a short abode
They could not cleanly beare away their load.
Now Noddy follow'd next, as well it might,
Although it should haue gone before of right.
At which I saw, I name not any body,
One neuer had the knaue, yet laid for Noddy.
The last game now in vse is Bankerupt,
Which will be plaid at still, I stand in doubt,
Vntill *Lamolta* turne the wheele of time,
And make it come about againe to Prime.

EPIGRAMS.

13 *The Author to Queene Elizabeth, in praise of her reading.*

For euer deare, for euer dreaded Prince,
 You read a verse of mine a little since,
 And so pronounst each word, and every letter,
 Your Gracious reading, grac't my verse the better.
 With then your Highnes doth by gift exceeding,
 Make what you read, the better in your reading,
 Let my poore Muse your paines thus far importune,
 To leaue to read my verse, and read my fortune.

14 *Of King Henries wooing.*

Vnto a stately great outlandish Dame,
 A Messenger from our King *Henry* came,
 (*Henry* of famous memory the eight)
 To treat with her in matter of great weight;
 Namely, how the King did seeke her marriage,
 Because of her great vertue and good carriage.
 He (that had heard the King lou'd change of pasture)
 Reply'de, I humbly thanke the King, your Master,
 And would, (such loue his fame in me hath bred,)
 My body venter so, but not my head.

15 *Two witty answers of Bishop Bonner.*

Bonner, that late had Bishop beene of London,
Was bid by one, *Good morrow Bishop quondam* :
He with the scoffe, no whit put out of temper,
Reply'd incontinent, *Adieu knave Semper*.
Another in such kinde of scoffing speeches,
Would beg his tippet, needs, to line his breeches.
Not so (quoth he) but it may be thy hap,
To haue a foolish head to line thy cap.

16 *Of Lynus borrowing.*

Lynus came late to me, fixe crownes to borrow,
And sware God damn him, hee'd repai't to mor-
I knew his word, as currant as his band, (row,
And straight I gaue to him three crownes in hand ;
This I to giue, this he to take was willing,
And thus he gaine'd, and I saue fiftene shilling.

17 *A good answere of the Poet Dant to
an Atheist.*

THe pleasant learn'd *Italian Poet Dant*,
Hearing an Atheist at the Scriptures iest,
Askt him in iest, which was the greatest beast ?
He simply said ; he thought an Elephant.

Ther

EPIGRAMS.

Then *Elephant* (quoth *Dant*) it were commodious,
That thou wouldst hold thy peace, or get thee hence,
Breeding our Conscience scandall and offence
With thy prophand speech, most vile and odious.

Oh Italy, thou breedst but few such *Dants*,
I would our England bred no Elephants.

18 Of *Quintus almes*.

When *Quintus* walketh out into the street,
As soone as with some begger he doth meete,
Ere that poore soule to aske his almes hath leasure,
He first doth chafe and sweare beyond all measure,
And for the Beadle all about he sends,
To beare him to *Bridewell*, so he pretends.

The Begger quickly out of sight doth goe,
Full glad in heart he hath escaped so.

Then *Quintus* laughs, and thinks it is lesse charges,
To sweare an oath or two, then giue a larges.

19 Of *Marcus his drunken feasting*.

When *Marcus* makes (as oft he doth) a feast,
The Wine still costs him more then all the rest.

Were water in this towne as deare as hay,
His horses should not long at livery stay.

But tell me, is't not a most foolish tricke,
To drinke to others healths till thou be sicke?

Let such the fashion is of *Bacchus* crue,
To quaffe and bowze, vntill they belch and spue.

Well,

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

Well, leaue it, *Marcus*, else thy drinking health,
Will proue an eating to thy wit and wealth.

20 *A good iest of a Crow.*

A Baron and a Knight, one day walking
On Richmond Greene, & as they were in talking,
A Crow, that lighted on the raile by Fortune,
Stood becking, and cry'd *haw* with noise importune,
This bird, the Baron said, doth you salute,
Sir Knight, as if to you he had some sute,
Not vnto me, the Knight reply'd in pleasure,
'Tis to some Lord he makes so low obeysance,

21 *Of kissing the foote.*

A Courtier, kinde in speech, curst in condition,
Finding his fault could be no longer hidden,
Went to his friend to cleere his hard suspition,
And fearing lest he might be more then chidden,
Fell to a flattering and most base submission,
Vowing to kisse his foote, if he were bidden.
My foote? (said he) that were too submisse,
But three foote higher you deserue to kisse.

22 Of a sawcy Cator.

A Cator had of late some wild-fowle bought,
 And when vnto his Master them he brought,
 Forthwith the Master smelling nigh the rump,
 Said, Out, thou knaue, these sauer of the pump.
 The man (that was a rude and sawcy Lout)
 What Sir, said he, smell you them thereabout?
 Smell your faire Lady there, and by your sauer,
 Your fortune may meeete with a fullsome sauer.

23 Of a certaine Man.

There was (not certain when) a certaine preacher,
 That neuer learn'd, and yet became a Teacher,
 Who hauing read in Latine thus a Text
 Of *erat quidam homo*, much peple ext,
 He seend the same with study great to scan
 In English thus; *there was a certaine man*
 But now (quoth he) good people, nore you this,
 He saith there was, he doth not say there is:
 For in these dales of ours, it is most certaine,
 Of promise, oth, word, deed, no man is certaine:
 Yet by my text you see it comes to passe,
 That surely once a certaine man there was.
 But yet I thinke, in all your Bible no man
 Can finde this text; *there was a certaine woman.*

24 Of *Lesbia*.

OLd widdow *Lesbia*, after husbands five,
Yet feeleth *Cupids* flames in her reuiue.
And now she takes a gallant youth and trim,
Alas for her, nay, nay, alas for him.

25 *The horns Cinque-apart.*

WHo wishes, hopes, and thinks, his wife is true,
To him one horne, or vnicorne is due.
Who sees his wife play false, and will not spy it,
He hath two hornes, and yet he may deny it.
The man that can indure when all men scorne,
And pardon open faults, hath treble horne;
Who brings fine Courtiers oft to see his bride,
He hath one paire of hornes on either side.
But he that sweares hee did so happy wino;
He can be none of these, let him haue fine.

26 *Of cursing Cuckolds.*

A Lord that talked late in way of scorne,
Of some that ware indubibly the horne,
Said he could wish, and did (as for his part)
All Cuckolds in the Thames, with all his heart.
But straight a pleasant Knight reply'd to him,
I hope your Lordship learned bath to swimme.

EPIGRAMS.

27 Of the pillars of the Church.

IN old time they were the Churches pillars,
That did excell in learning and in piety,
And were to youth examples of sobriety,
Of Christs faire field the true and painefull tillers;
But where are now the men of that society?
Are all those tillers dead? those pillars broken?
No, God forbid such blasphemy be spoken;
I say, to stop the mouthes of all ill-willers, (pillars,
Gods field hath harrowers still, his Church hath

28 Of Exchange.

OLd *Caius* sold a wench, to buy a barke,
Yong *Titus* gaue the ship, to haue the slur.
Who makes the better mart, now let vs marke,
Th'one loues to rotte, the tother goes to rut.

29 Of Lesbias kissing craft.

Lesbia with study found a meanes in the end,
In presence of her Lord to kisse her friend,
Each of them kist by turnes a little Whelp,
Transporting kisses thus by puppyes helpe.
And so her good old Lord she did beguile:
Was not my Lord a puppy all the while?

30 Of sixe sorts of Fasters.

Sixe sorts of folkes I find vse fasting dayes,
But of these sixe, the sixt I onely praise,
The sicke man fasts, because he cannot eate.
The poore doth fast, because he hath no meate.
The miser fasts, with mind to mend his flore,
The glutton, with intent to eate the more.
The hypocrite, thereby to seeme more holy.
The vertuous, to preuent or punish folly.
Now he that eateth fast, and drinckes as fast,
May match these fasters, any but the last.

31 Of Cinna.

PVre *Cinna* gets his wife a maiden Cooke
With red cheeks, yellow locks, & cheerfull looke.
What might he meane hereby? I hold my life,
She dresseth flesh for him, not for his wife.

32 Of Claudia.

CLaudia, to save a noble Romans blood,
Was offered by some friends that wisht his good,
A iewell of inestimable price;
But she would not be won by this deuice:
For she did take his head, and leaue the iewell.
Was *Claudia* now more couetous, or cruell?

EPIGRAMS.

33 *A rule to Play.*

Lay down your stake at play, lay down your pas-
A greedy gamester still hath some mis-hap. (sions
To chafe at play, proceeds of foolish fashion.
No man throws still the dice in fortunes lap.

34 *Of a drunken Tobacconist.*

When *Marcus* hath carrowst March Beere and Sack,
And that his brains grow dizzy therewithall,
Then of Tobacco he a pipe doth lacke,
Of *Trinidade* in cane, in leafe, or ball,
Which tane a little, he doth spit and smacke,
Then laies him on his bed for feare to fall,
And poore Tobacco beares the name of all.
But that same pipe which *Marcus* braine did lade,
Was of *Medera*, not of *Trinidade*.

35 *Tristis es & sœlix, scias hoc fortuna Caueto.*

To a Lady.

Roward yet fortunate? if fortune knew it,
Beleeue me, Madam, she would make you rue it.

36 *A Salisbury tale.*

FAire *Salisbury's* Church, beside the stately tower,
 Hath many things in number aptly sorted,
 Answering the yeere, the month, weeke, day & houre,
 But aboue all (as I have heard reported,
 And to the view doth probably appeare)
 A piller for each houre in all the yeere.
 Further, this Church of *Salisbury* hath beene found,
 To keepe in singing service so good forme,
 That most Cathedrall Churches have beene bound,
 Themselves *ad usum Salisburie* to conforme:
 I am no Cabalist to iudge by number,
 Yet that this Church is so with pillers fill'd,
 It seemes to me to be the lesser wonder,
 That *Salisburys* Church is euery hower pill'd.
 And sith the rest are bound to *Salisburys* vse,
 What maruell if they taste of like abuse?

37 *Of a faire Shrew.*

FAire, rich, and yong? how rare is her perfection,
 Were it not mingled with one foule infection?
 I meane, so proud a heart, so curst a tongue,
 As makes her seeme, nor faire, nor rich, nor yong.

38 Of Gods part.

ONE that had farm'd a fat Impropriation,
 Vt'd to his neighbours often exhortation,
 To pay to him the tithes and profits duely,
 Affirming (as he might affirme most truely)
 How that the tithes are God Almightyes part,
 And therefore they should pay't with all their heart,
 But straight replyed one amongst the rest,
 (One that had crost him oft, but neuer blest.)
 It is Gods part indeed, whose goodnes gaue it;
 But yet oft times we see the Diuell haue it.

39 Of Lalus symoniacall horse-courting.

OVRE Lalus gate a benefice of late,
 Without offence of people, Church, or State;
 Yea but aske eccho how he did come by it,
 Come buy it? No with oathes he will deny it,
 He nothing gaue direct, or indirectly,
 sic, Lalus, now you tell vs a direct lye:
 Did not your Patron for an hundred pound,
 sell you a horse was neither yong nor sound,
 No Turke, no Courser, Barbary, nor Iennit?
 Symony? No, but I see money in it.
 Well, if it were but so, the case is cleere;
 The Benefice was cheape, the Horse was deare.

40 *An addition to the same Epigram.*

Peter for Westminster, and Paul for London,
Lament, for both your Churches wil be vndone,
If Smithfield find a fetch forth of a stable,
Lawes to delude, and Lords of Councell table.

The same in Latine by the Author.

Nec populo in senso, nec ruptis legibus ullis,
Lelus noster habet pingue sacerdotium,
Unde sed hoc venit, vixit ibi personet eccho,
Eccho, mi fodes, dicitis an emit, emit.
Ilia ducentem, fructumq; senilibus annis
Ille patronus vendit anarus equum,
Aurea pro vetulo dat bis centena caballo,
Cui nec Turca pater, nec patria Italia est:
Ergo sacerdotium Regina pecunia donat,
Magno equitat pretio, praeclat exiguu.

Additio.

Iam vos templorum properam sperare ruinam,
Et in Petre tui, in quog, Pauli, tui
Sordida fabrilis si nata est in campo,
Legibus & sanctis patribus imposuit.

41 Of Cinna.

Twelve yeeres hath Cinna studied Genesis,
 And knowes not what *in Principio* is;
 And greend that he is graueled thus, he skips,
 Ore all the Bible, to th' Apocalips.

42 Of bagge and baggage.

A Man appointed, vpon losse of life,
 With bag and baggage at a time assign'd,
 To part a towne; his foule vnweildy wife,
 Desired him that she might stay behind.
 Say, quoth the man, Ile neuer be so kind,
 As venture life, for such an vgly hag
 That lookes both like a baggage and a bag.

43 Of a womans kindnes to her husband.

One that had liued long by lewdest shifts,
 Brought to the Court that Corne from cockle
 Archamber, that of Iustice is the mirror, (sits,
 Was sentenst there, and for the greater terrour,
 Adjudged, first, to lye a yeere in fetters,
 Then burned in his forehead with two letters,
 And to disparage him with more disgrace,
 To slit his nose, the figure of his face.

The

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

The prisoners wife with no dishonest mind,
To shew her selfe vnto her husband kind,
Sued humbly to the Lords, and would not cease,
Some part of this sharp rigour to release,
He was a man (she said) had seru'd in warre,
What mercy would a Souldiers face so marre?
Thus much said she: but grauely they replied,
It was great mercy that he thus was tried:
His crimes deserue he should haue lost his life,
And hang in chaines. Alas, repli'd his wife,
If you disgrace him thus, you quite vndoe him,
Good my Lords hang him, pray be good vnto him.

44 Of Don Pedro.

D*On Pedro* neuer dines without red Deere;
If red Deere be his guests, grasse is his cheere:
I, but I meane, he hath it in his dish,
And so haue I oft what I doe not wish.

45 The Author to his wife.

M*All*, once in pleasant company by chance,
I wisht that you for company would dance,
Which you refus'd, and said, your yeeres require,
Now, Matron-like, both manners and attire.
Well *Mall*, if needs thou wilt be Matron-like,

Then

Then trust to this, I will a Matron like :
 Let so to you my loue may neuer lessen,
 As you for Church, house, bed, obserue this lesson.
 As in the Church as solemne as a Saint,
 No deed, word, thought, your due deuotion taint.
 While (if you will) your head, your soule reueale
 To him, that onely wounded soules can heale.
 As in my house as busie as a Bee,
 Buzzing a sting for every one but mee,
 Buzzing in euery corner, gathering hony,
 Let nothing waste, that costs or yeeldeth mony.
 And when thou seest my heart to mirth incline,
 Let tongue, wit, bloud, warme with good cheere and
 Then of sweet sports let no occasion scape, (wine,
 But be as wanton, toying as an Ape.

46. *Of Lelia.*

When lovely *Lelia* was a tender girle,
 She hapt to be deflowred by an Earle;
 As, poore wench, she was to be excused,
 Each kindnesse oft is offered, seld refused,
 But be not proud; for she that is no Countesse,
 And yet lies with a Count, must make account this,
 All Countesses in honour her surmount,
 They haue, she had, an honourable Count.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

47 Of a drunken Smith.

I Heard that S. M. V. G. the Smith, for ale and spice
Sold all his tooles, and yet he kept his vice.

48 of soothsaying.

Might Kings shun future mischief by foretelling
The amongst Soothsayers were excellēt dwellers
But if there be no means such harmes repelling, (ling)
The knowledge makes the sorrow more excellēg.
But this, deare Soueraigne, me comfort doth,
That of these Sooth-sayers, very few say sooth.

49 A good request of a Lawyer.

A Pleasant Lawyer standing at the barre,
The Causes done, and day not passed farre,
A Iudge to whom he had profest deuotion,
Aske him in grace, if he would haue a motion:
Yes Sir, quoth he, but short, and yet not small,
That whereas now of Sericants is a call,
I wish (as most of my profession doe)
That there might be a call of Clyents too:
For sure it brings vs Lawyers mickle cumber,
Because of them we find so small a number.

50 Of Friendship.

New friends are no friends; how can that be true?
The oldest friends that are, were sometimes new.

51 Of Caius increase in his absence.

While Caius doth remaine beyond the Seas,
And followes there some great important suit,
His Lands bare neither Oates, nor Beanes, nor Pease,
But yet his wife beares faire and full-growne fruit,
What is the cause that brings his Lands sterility,
And his wiues fruitfulness and great fertility?
His Lands want occupiers to manure them,
But she hath store, & knows how to procure them.

52 Of a toothlesse Shrew.

Old Ellen had soure teeth as I remember,
She cougth out two of them the last December,
But this shrewd cough in her reign'd so vnruly,
She cougth out tother two before twas Iuly.
Now she may cough her heart out, for in tooth,
The said shrewd cough hath left her ne're a tooth.
But her curst tongue, wanting this common curbe,
Doth more then erst the household all disturbe.

53 To Doctor Sharpe.

LAtc I tooke leaue of two right noble dames,
 And hasted to my wife as I protested :
 You will'd me stay awhile, and thus you iested :
 You Sir, may please your Wife with Epigrams.
 Well said, 'twas Doctor-like, and sharply spoken,
 No friendship breakes, where iests so smooth are br
 But now you haue new orders tane of late, (ke
 Those orders, which (as you expound Saint Paul)
 Are equall honourable vnto all;
 I meane of marriage the holy state,
 I hope, in Lent, when flesh growes out of date,
 You will, in stead of tother recreation,
 Be glad to please your wife with some Collation

54 Of the Papists Feasts, and the Brownists Fast.

APapist dwelling to a Brownist neere,
 Their seruants met, and vanted of their cheere
 And first, the Papists man did make his boist;
 He had each festiuall both bak't and rost;
 And where (said he) your zealous sort allow,
 On Christmasse day it selfe to goe to plow,
 We feast, and play, and walke, and talk, and slumbe
 Besides, our holy dayes are more in number :
 As namely, we doe keepe with great festiuity,
 Our Ladies, both assumption and natiuity ;

S; Pa

EPIGRAMS.

5. *Pauls* conuerſion, *S. Iohns* decollation,
6. *Laurence* broyld, *S. Swithens* moyſt translation,
7. *Peters* chaines, and how with Angels viſion
He brake the priſon, quite without miſpriſon.
I grant, the tother ſaid, you ſeeme more gaineſome,
But for your ſport, you pay too deare a ranſome.
We like your Feaſts, your Faſtings bred our greecues,
Your Lents, your Ember weekes, and holy Eeues,
But this coniunction I ſhould greatly praiſe,
The Browniſts faſts, with Papiſts holy daies.

55 Of *Mile the glutton.*

Mile with haſte to cram his greedy gut,
One of his thumbs vnto the bone had cut:
Then ſtraight it noyſed was about by ſome,
That he had loſt his ſtomack with his thumb.
To which one ſaid, No worſe hap fall vnto him:
But if a poore man finde it, 'twill vndoe him.

56 Of *Fortune.*

Fortune, men ſay, doth giue too much to many:
But yet ſhee neuer gaue enough to any.

57 Of deuotion and promotion.

I Met a Lawyer at the Court this Lent,
And asking what great cause him thither sent,
He said, that mou'd with Doctor *Androes* fame,
To heare him preach, he onely thither came :
But straight, I wisht him softly in his eare,
To find some other scuse, else some will sweare,
Who to the Court come onely for deuotion,
They in the Church pray onely for promotion.

58 Of a painted Lady.

I Saw dame *Leda's* picture lately drawne,
With haire about her eares, transparent Lawne,
Her Iuory paps, and euery other part,
So limd vnto the life by Painters Art,
That I that had been long with her acquainted, (tear)
Did think that both were quick, or both were paine.

59 of Galla's gallantry.

WHat is the cause our *Galla* is so gallant,
Like ship in fairest wind, top and top gallant ?
Hath she of late been courted by some Gallant ?
No sure : How then ? *Galla* hath quast a gallon.

60 In Cornutus.

AThais? no, Diana thou didst wed:
For she hath giuen to thee *Alecons* head.

61 Of Paulus, a Flatterer.

NO man more seruite, no man more submisse,
Then to our Soueraigne Lady *Paulus* is.
He doth extoll her speech, admire her feature,
He calls himseife her vassall, and her creature: (Her,
Thus while he dawbes his speech with flatteries pla-
And calls himseife her slaue, he growes our Master,
Still getting what he list without controule,
By singing this old song, *ve mi fa sol*.

62 Of Lynus, an ill ghest.

ASke you what profit *Reu* to me doth yeeld?
This, *Lynus*, there I shal see thee but seeld;
For where good ghests may take a cottage gratefull,
There, such as thou do make a Palace hatefull.

63 Against Pius Quintus, that excommunicated Queene Elizabeth. (See,

ARe Kings your Foster-Fathers, Queens your nur-
Oh Roman Church? Then why did *Pius Quintus*
M With

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

With Basan bulls (not like one *pins istus*)
Lay on our sacred Prince vnhalloved curses?
It is not health of soules, but wealth of purses
You seek, by such your hell-dentouncing threats,
Oppugning with your chaire, our Princes seats,
Disturbing our sweet peace; and that which worse is
You suck out blood, and bite your Nurses teats.
Learne, learne, to ask your milk, for if you snatch it,
The nurse must send your babes pap with a hatchet.

64 Of finding a Hare.

A Gallant full of life, and voyd of care,
Asked his friend if he would find a Hare?
He that for sleepe more then such sports did care,
Said, Goe your waies, and leaue me here alone;
Let them find Hares that lost them, I lost none.

65 Of Merit, and Demerit.

A Knight, and valiant seruitor of late,
Playn'd to a Lord and Councillor of State,
That Captaines in these dayes were not regarded,
That onely Carpet Knights were well rewarded:
For I, saith he, with all my hurts and maimes,
Get not the recompence my merit claimes.
Good Cousin (said the Lord) the fault is yours,
Which you impute vnto the higher Powers,

For where you should in *Pater noster* pray,
 Giue vnto vs our daily bread to day;
 Your misdemeanors this petition needs;
 Our trespasses forgive vs, and misdeeds.

86 Of *Faustus*, Esquire.

Faustus, for taking of a wrong possession,
 Was by a Iustice bound vnto the Session:
 The Cryer the Recognizance doth call,
Faustus, Esquire, come forth into the Hall.
 Out (said the Iudge) on all such foolish Cryers,
 Diuels are Carpenters, where such are Squires.

87 Of *Peletus* friendship.

When *Peletus* is brought vp to London streets,
 By Procees first to answer waighty lutes,
 Oh then how kind he is to all he meets!
 How friendly by their names he them salutes!
 Then one shall haue a Colt of his best race,
 Another gets a warrant for a Buck:
 Some deeper brib'd, according as their place
 May serue his turne, to worke or wish good luck,
 But when his troubles all to end are brought
 By time, or friendly paines on his behalfe,

Str IOHN HARRINGTONS

Then straight (as if he set vs all at nought)
His kindnes is not now so much by halfe.

Sith then his suites in Law his friendship doubles,
I for his friendships sake could wish him troubles

68 Of inclosing a Common.

A Lord, that purpos'd for his more auaille,
To compasse in a Common with a rayle,
Was reckoning with his friend about the cost
And charge of euey reule, and euey post :
But he (that wisht his greedy humour crost)

Said, Sir, provide you posts, and without sayling,
Your neighbors round about wil find you rayling

*69 The Author to his wife, of too
much stomack,*

L Are hauing been a fishing at the Foord,
And bringing home with me my dish of Trouts,
Your minde that while, did cast some causelesse
For while that meat was set vpon the boord, (doubtles
You sullen silent, fed your selfe with powts.

I twice sent for you, but you sent me word,
How that you had no stomack to your meat.

Well I fear'd more, your stomack was too great.

EPIGRAMS.

70 *A witty choice of a Country fellow.*

A Rich Lord had a poore Lout to his ghest,
And hauing sumptuous fare, and costlly drest,
Caru'd him a wing of a most dainry Bird;
Affirming seriously vpon his word,
Those birds were sent him from his louing cosen,
And were well worthy twenty markes a dozen,
He that for such great dainties did not care,
Said, I like well your Lordships courser fare:
For I can eat your Beefe, Pig, Goose and Cony,
But of such fare, giue me my share in mony.

71 *To a great Magistrate, in Ro and in Spa.*

THose that for Princes goods do take some paine
(Their goods to who of right all paines we owe)
Take some reward for seruice good to gaine,
Which oft their gracious goodnesse doth bestow:
I for my trauell, begge not a reward,
I begge lesse by a fillable, a Ward.

72 *A comparison of a Booke, with Cheefe.*

OLd Haywood writes, & proues in some degrees,
That one may wel compare a booke with cheefe;
In euery market some buy cheefe to feed on,

At every mart some men buy bookes to read on,
 All sorts eat cheese; but how? there is the question
 The poore for food, the rich for good digestion.
 All sorts read bookes, but why? will you discern?
 The foole to laugh, the wiser sort to learne.
 The sight, taste, sent of cheese to some is hateful,
 The sight, taste, sense of bookes to some's vngratefull
 No cheese there was, that euer pleas'd all feeders,
 No booke there is, that euer lik't all Readers.

X 73 *A Scottish verse.*

R *Ob. Will. and D'any,*
 Keepe well thy *Pater noster* and *Aue*:
 And if thou wilt the better speed,
 Gang no further then thy *Creed*:
 Say well, and doe none ill,
 And keepe thy selfe in safety still.

74 *To beggers of Bookes.*

MY friend, you presse me very hard,
 my bookes of me you craue;
 I haue none, but in *Pauls Church-yard*,
 for mony you may haue.
 But why should I my coyns bestow

such toys as these to buy?
 am not such a foole I trow:
 forsooth no more am I.

75 *In Paulum Athaium,*

PRoud *Paulus*, led by Sadduces infection,
 Doth not beleue the bodies resurrection,
 but holds them all in scorne and deepe derision,
 That talke of Saints or Angels apparition:
 And saith, they are but fables all, and fanfies
 Of Lunaticks, or folkes possesst with frensies.
 I haue, saith he, travell'd both neere and farre,
 By land, by sea, in time of peace and warre,
 Yet neuer met I spirit, or ghost, or Else,
 Or ought (as is the phrase) worse then my selfe,
 Vell, *Paulus*, this I now beleue indeed,
 That who in all, or part, denyes his Creed;
 Went he to sea, land, hell, I would agree,
 A Fiend worse then himselfe, he could not see.

76 *Of double Fraud.*

A Fellow false, and to all fraud inured,
 In high Starchamber court was found periured,
 And by iust sentence iudg'd to lose his eares:
 A doome right fit for him that falsly swears.

Now

Now on the Pillory while he was preaching,
The Gaolor busie for his eares was searching :
But all in yaine, for there was not an eare,
Onely the places hid with locks of haire.
Thou knaue, said he, I will of thee complaine
Vnto the Lords, for cousonage againe.
Why so, said hee? their order me doth binde
To lose mine eares, not you mine eares to finde.

77 *Of taking a Hare.*

VNto a Lawyer rich, a Client poore
Came early in the morning to his doore,
And dancing long attendance in the place,
At last, he gat some counsell in his case ;
For which the Lawyer look't to haue beene paid ;
But thus at last the poore man to him said,
I cannot giue a fee, my state's so bare :
But will it please you, Sir, to take a Hare?
He that tooke all that came, with all his hart,
Said that he would, and take it in good part.
Then must you runne apace (good Sir) quoth he :
For she this morning quite out-stripped me.
He went his way, the Hare was neuer taken,
Was not the Lawyer taken, or mistaken?

78 *The Author to his Wife.*

Your maid *Brunetta* you with newes acquaints,
 How *Leda*, (whom, her husband wanting issue,
 Brought erst to Bath, our pilgrimage of Saints)
 Weares her gowne veluet, kirtle, cloth of tissue,
 A figur'd Sattin petticoate Carnation,
 With sixe gold parchment laces all in fashion,
 Yet neuer was Daine *Leda* nobler borne,
 Nor dranke in Gossips cup by Sou'raigne sent,
 Nor euer was her Highnes woman sworne,
 Nor doth her husband much exceed in rent. (them.
 Then *Mall*, be proud, that thou maist better weare
 And I more proud, thou better dost forbear them.

79 *Of too high commendation in a meane person.*

AScholler once, to win his Mistressse loue,
 Compar'd her to three Goddesses aboue,
 And said she had (to giue her due deserts)
Iuno's, *Minerva's*, and faire *Venus* parts.
Iuno so proud, and curst was of her tongue,
 All men misliked her both old and yong.
Pallas so soule, and grim was out of measure,
 That neither gods nor men in her tooke pleasure.
Venus vnchaste, that she strong *Mars* entices,
 With yong *Adonis*, and with old *Anchises*.
 How thinke you, are these praises few or meane,
 Compared to a throw, a slut, or queane?

80 *Of trusting a Captaine.*

AN Alderman, one of the better sort,
And worthie member of our worthiest Citie;
Vnto whose Table diuers did resort,
Himselfe of stomake good, of answeres witty,
Was once requested by a Table friend,
To lend an vnknowne Captaine forty pound.
The which, because he might the rather lend,
He said he should become in statute bound.
And this (quoth he) you need not doubt to take,
For he's a man of late growne in good credit,
And went about the world with Captaine *Drake*,
Out (quoth the Alderman) that ere you sed it,
For forty pounds? no nor for forty pence.
His single bond I count not worth a chip:
I say to you (take not hereat offence,)
He that hath three whole yeeres been in a ship,
In famine, plagues, in stench, and storme, so rise,
Cares not to lye in Ludgate all his life.

81 *In Cornutus.*

WHat curld-pate youth is he that sitteth there
So neere thy wife, and whispers in her eare,
And takes her hand in his, and soft doth wring her,
Sliding his ring still vp and downe her finger?
Sir, tis a Proctor, scene in both the Lawes,
Retain'd by her, in some important cause;

Prompt

Prompt and discreet both in his speech and action,
 And doth her busines with great satisfaction.
 And thinkest thou so? a horne-plague on thy head:
 Art thou so like a foole, and wittoll led,
 To thinke he doth the businesse of thy wife?
 He doth thy businesse, I dare lay my life.

82 *A Tragicall Epigram.*

WHEN doome of Peeres & Iudges fore-appointed,
 By racking lawes beyond all reach of reason,
 Had vnto death condemn'd a Queene anointed,
 And found, (oh strange!) without allegiance, reason;
 The Axe that should haue done that execution,
 Shunn'd to cut off a head that had beene crowned,
 Our hangman lost his wonted resolution,
 To quell a Queene of noblenesse so renowned.
 Ah, is remorse in hangmen and in Steele,
 When Peeres and Iudges no remorse can feele?
 Grant Lord, that in this noble Ile, a Queene
 Without a head, may neuer more be seene.

83 *Of reading Scriptures.*

THE sacred Scriptures treasure great affoord,
 To all of seuerall tongues, of sundry Realmes.
 For low and simple spirits shallow Foords,
 For high and learned Doctors deeper streames,

In euery part so exquisitely made,
 An Elephant may swimme, a Lambe may wade.
 Not that all should with barbarous audacity,
 Read what they list, and how they list expound,
 But each one, suting to his weake capacity:
 For many great Scriptureans may be found,
 That cite Saint *Paul* at euery bench and boord,
 And haue Gods word, but haue not God the word,

84 *The Author to his wife: a rule for praying.*

MY deare, that in your closet for deuotion,
 To kindle in your brest some godly motion,
 You contemplate, and oft your eyes doe fixe
 On some Saints picture, or the Crucifixe;
 Tis not amisse, be it of stone or mettle,
 It serueth in thy mind good thoughts to settle;
 Such images may serue thee as a booke,
 Whereon thou maist with godly reuerence looke,
 And thereby thy remembrance to acquaint,
 With life or death, or vertue of the Saint.
 Yet doe I not allow thou kneele before it,
 Nor would I in no wise you should adore it.
 For as such things well vs'd, are cleane and holy,
 So superstition soone may make it folly.
 All images are scorn'd and quite dis-honoured,
 If the Prototype be not solely honoured.
 I keepe thy picture in a golden shrine,
 And esteeme it well, because 'tis thine,

But

But let me vse thy picture ne're so kindly,
 Twere little worth, if I vs'd thee vnkindly.
 Sith then, my deare, our beauenly Lord above
 Vouchsafeth vnto ours to like his loue:
 So let vs vse his picture, that therein,
 Against himselfe we doe commit no sinne;
 Nor let vs scorne such pictures, nor deride them,
 Like fooles, whose zeale mistaught, cānot abide them.
 But pray, our hearts, by faith's eyes be made able
 To see, what mortall eyes see on a Table.
 A man would thinke, one did deserue a mocke,
 Should say, Oh heauenly Father, to a stocke;
 Such a one were a stocke, I straight should gather,
 That would confesse a stocke to be her Father.

85 *Pœnitentia pœnitenda: Of a penitent Fryer.*

Bound by his Church, and Trentin Catechisme,
 To vow a single life, a Cloystered Fryer,
 Had got a swelling, call'd a Priapisme,
 Which seld is swag'd, but with a small fire.
 The Leach (as oftentimes Physicians vse)
 To cure the corps, not caring for the soule,
 Prescribes a cordiall med'cine from the Stewes,
 Which lewd prescript, the Patient did condole:
 Yet strong in Faith, and being loth to dye,
 And knowing that extremes yeeld dispensation,
 He is resolu'd, and doth the med'cine trie:
 Which being done, he made such lamentation,

That

That diuers thought he was fall'n in despaire,
 And therefore for his confirmation praid.
 But when that they had ended quite their prayer;
 After long silence, thus to them he said:
 I waile not, that I thinke my fact so vicious;
 Nor am I in despaire: no, neuer doubt it;
 But feeling female flesh is so delicious,
 I waile, to thinke I liu'd so long without it.

86 *Of a picture with a Ferriman rowing in a tempest, with
 two Ladies in his boate, whereof he loued one, but she
 disdained him, and the other loued him, but he not
 her: now a voice came to his eare, that to save his
 boate from beeing cast away, hee must drowne one
 of the Ladies: in which perplexitie hee speaketh these
 passions.*

IN troublous seas of loue, my tender botte,
 By Fate, decree, is still tost vp and downe,
 Ready to sinke, and may no longer flote,
 Except of these two Damisels one I drowne.
 I would saue both: but ah, that may not be:
 I loue the one, the other loueth me.
 Heere the vast waues are ready me to swallow;
 There danger is to strike vpon the shelve,
 Doubtfull I swim betweene the deepe and shallow;
 To saue th'vngrate, and be vngate my selfe.
 Thus seeme I by the cares to hold a wolfe,
 While faine I would eschue this gaping gulfe.

But

But since loues actions, guided are by passion,
 And quenching doth augment her burning fuell,
 Adieu, thou Nymph, deserving most compassion,
 To merit mercy, I must shew me cruell.

Aske you me why? oh question our of season!

Loue neuer leisure hath to render reason.

87. *The old mans choice.*

LEt soueraigne Reason, sitting at the sterne,
 And farre remouing all eye-blinding passion,
 Censure the due desert with iudgement cleere,
 And say, The cruell merit no compassion:

Liue then, kind Nymph, and ioy we two together:

Farewell th'vunkind, and all vunkind goe with her.

88. *In Philaunus.*

YOur verses please your Reader oft, you vaunt it:
 If you your selfe doe reade them oft, I grant it.

89. *To an old Batchelor.*

You praise all women: well, let you alone,
 Who speakes so well of all, thinks well of none.

90. *Of two that were married and undone.*

AFond yong couple, making haste to marry,
 Without their parents will, or friends consent,

After

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS

After one month their marriage did repent,
And su'd vnto the Bishops Ordinary,
That this their act so vndiscreetly done,
Might by his more discretion be vndone.
Vpon which motion he awhile did pause:
At length, he for their comforts to them said,
It had beene better (friends) that you had staid:
But now you are so hampered in the Lawes,
That I this knot may not vntye (my sonne)
Yet I will grant you both shall be vndone.

91 *In commendation of a straw, written at the
request of a great Lady, that wore a
straw Hat at the Court.*

I Vowd to write of none but matters serious,
And lawfull vowes to breake, a great offence;
But yet, faire Ladies hests are so imperious,
That with all Vowes, all Lawes they can dispence:
Then yeelding to that all-commanding Law,
My Muse must tell some honour of a straw.
Not of *Jack Straw*, with his rebellious crew,
That set King, Realme, and Lawes at hab or nab,
Whom Londons worthy Maior so bravely slew,
With dudgeon daggers honorable stab,
That his successors for that service loyall,
Haue yet reward with blow of weapon royall.
Nor will I praise that fruitlesse straw or stubble,
Which built vpon most precious stones foundation:
When

When fiery tryalls come, the builders trouble,
Though some great builders build of such a fashion,
To learned *Andros*, that much better can,
I leaue that stubble, fire, and straw to scan.

Now list I with Philosophers to range,
In searching out, (though I admire the reason)
How sympathising properties most strange,
Keepe contraries in straw, so long a season.

Yee, snow, fruits, fish, moist things, & dry & warme,
Are long preserv'd in straw, with little harme.

But let all Poets my remembrance wipe,
From out their bookes of Fame, for euer during,

If I forget to praise our Oaten pipe,
Such Musicke, to the *Muses* all procuring :

That some learn'd eares preferr'd it haue before
Both Orpharion, Violl, Lute, Bandore.

Now if we list more curiously examine,
To search in straw some profitable points,

Bread hath beene made of straw in time of famine,
In cutting off the tender knotted ioynts :

But yet remaines one praise of straw to tell,
Which all the other praise doth farre excell. (ned,

That straw, which men, & beasts, & fowles haue scor-
Hath beene by curious Art, and hand industrious

So wrought, that it hath shadowed, yea adorned
A head and face of beauty and birth illustrious.

Now praise I? No, I enuy now thy blisse,
Ambitious straw, that so high placed is.

What Architect this worke so strangely matcht?
N

An

An yuory house, dotes, rubies, windowes touch
A gilded rooffe, with straw all overthatcht,
Where shall pearle bide, when place of straw is such?
Now could I wish, alas, I wish too much,
I might be straw-drawne to that lively Tutch.
But herein we may learne a good example,
That vertuous Industry their worth can raise,
Whom slanderous tongues tread vnder foot & trample.
This told my Muse; and straight she went her waies:
Which (Lady) if you seriously allow,
It is no toy, nor haue I broke my vow.

92 *In Roman.*

HAte, and debate, Rome through the world hath
Yet *Roma Amer* is, if backward read. (spread,
Then is't not strange Rome hate should foster? Nor
For out of backward loue, all hate doth grow.

FINIS.





F_4^a side-notes cut into

G_1^b

G_2^a

L_1^b

L_2^b

L_4^b

M_3^b

N_1

headline

headline cut

headline cut off